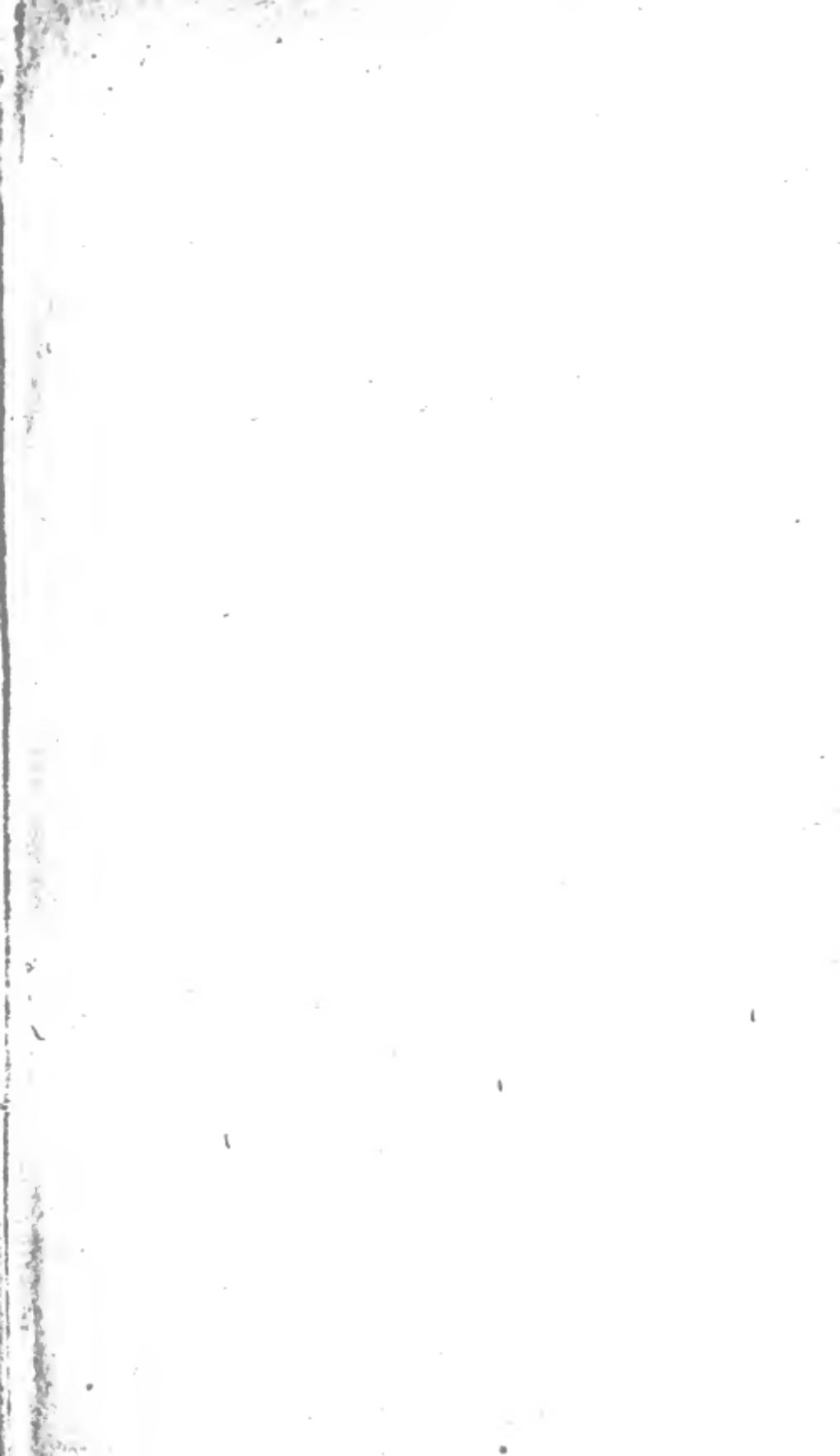


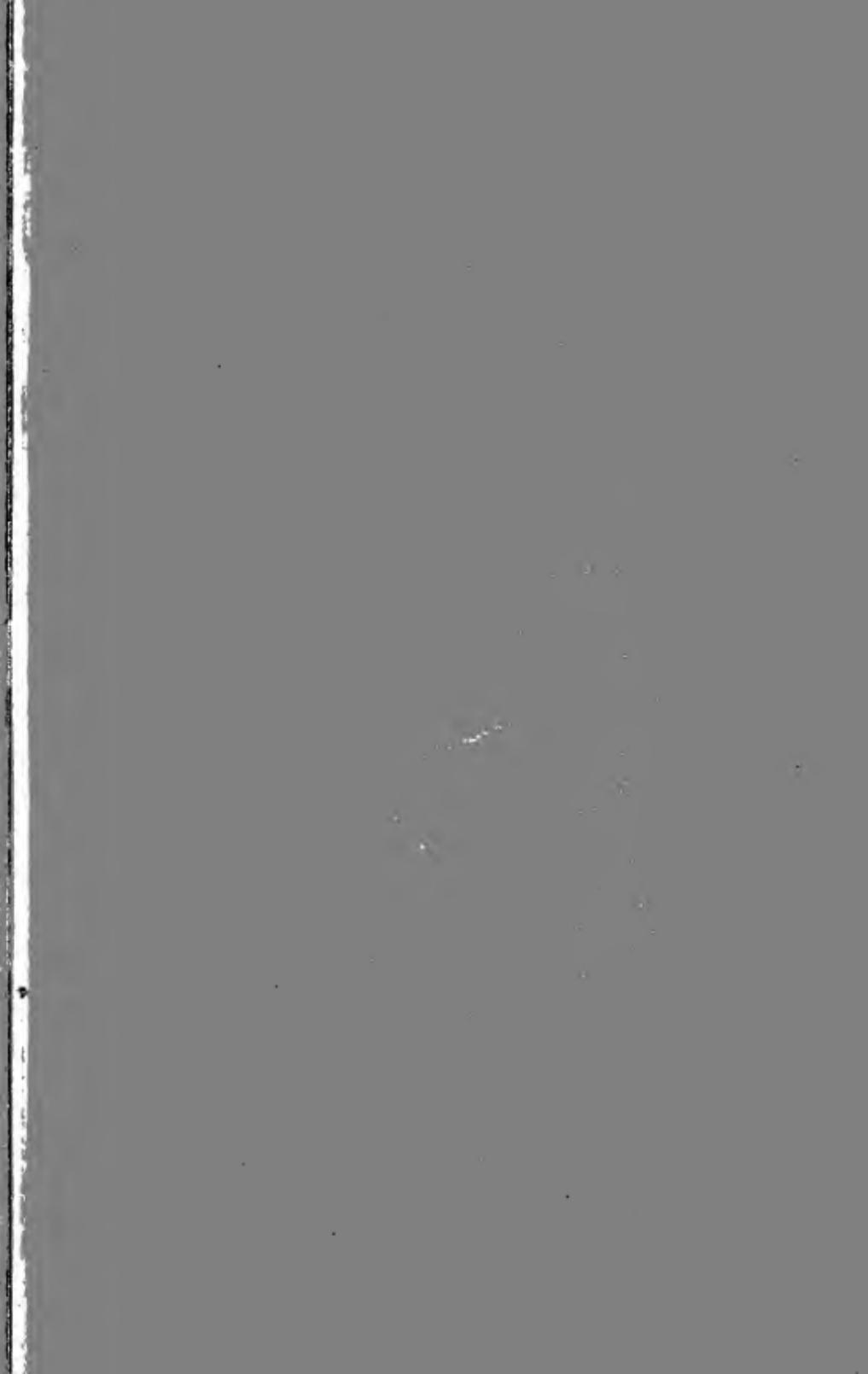


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2.6.

HYMN EDITION

OF

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2167

JASPER AND GOLD.

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

T. C. O'KANE.



CINCINNATI:
WALDEN & STOWE.

NEW YORK:
PHILLIPS & HUNT.

1877

BV520
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PREFACE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL officers and workers have frequently expressed a desire to have in connection with Sunday-school singing-books an edition containing the *words only*.

In order to meet this demand, the publishers of JASPER AND GOLD issue this

HYMN EDITION

of that book. It contains all the hymns in the order in which they appear with the music.

The hymns are numbered alike in the two editions, so they can be used together by simply announcing from *either* the *number* of the hymn.

By adopting the *two editions*, Sunday-schools will not only have one of the most popular singing-books ever issued, but will be enabled thereby to materially reduce the usual cost for a full supply of books.

THE CLOTHES

BY MARY HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES DODD

WITH A PRACTICAL

APPENDIX OF

USEFUL INFORMATION

BY

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CHARLES DODD

HYMNS

FROM

JASPER AND GOLD.

1 **The Heavenly Jerusalem.** J. & G. p. 3.

BY faith we already behold,
The heavenly Jerusalem here;
Its walls are of JASPER and GOLD,
As crystal its buildings are clear.

CHORUS.

The city adorned with its Jasper and Gold,
The home of the blest,
By faith we already behold.

2 Immovably founded in grace,
It stands as it ever hath stood;
And brightly its Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 That city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

2 **Nothing Between.** J. & G. p. 4

“**W**E would see Jesus:”
Show us thy loving face;
Draw us, dear Lord, to thee,
Close in thy fond embrace.

CHORUS.—Nothing between, dear Jesus,
Nothing between;
Oh come in love so near us,
Nothing between.

2 "We would see Jesus:"
 Let us thy glory see;
 Shine with a brighter ray,
 Bidding the darkness flee.

3 "We would see Jesus:"
 Nothing of earthly din
 Coming, O Lord, between;
 Nothing of pride or sin.

3

Sing of Jesus.

J. & G. p. 5.

SING of Jesus—of his mercy
 In the pardon of our sin;
 Of the precious love that bought us,
 Of the blood that makes us clean.

REFRAIN.—Sing of Jesus, sing of Jesus—
 Of the precious, precious Savior;
 Sing of Jesus, sing of Jesus,
 Sing his praise forever.

2 Sing of Jesus—of his patience
 With our cold, unloving hearts;
 Of the tenderness that draws us;
 Of the grace that peace imparts.

3 Sing of Jesus—of his goodness
 Crowning all our earthly days,
 Strewing blessings rich and countless,
 All along life's devious ways.

4

On the Shoals.

J. & G. p. 6.

CRY comes over the deep,
 Wailing of dying souls,
 'T is echoed in every heart,
 "Brothers are on the shoals;"
 The breakers are dashing high,
 And death is in every wave,
 And wildly ringeth the cry,
 "We perish with none to save."

CHORUS.—Ring out the tide of song,
 While prayer its burden rolls,
 That he who rules the storm
 Will bring them off the shoals.

2 Sweet hope went out with the day
 Rudder and compass lost;
 Despair more dark than the night,
 Crowneth the tempest tossed;
 No help may come from the sea,
 No succor from the land;
 Say, must they perish, and we
 Reach never to them a hand?

3 Quick! point to the saving Rock
 Looming from out the deep,
 Whose beacon the periled souls
 Ever will safely keep;
 No matter how fierce the storm—
 How madly the billow rolls,
 The light of the Guiding Star
 Will bring them off the shoals.

5 **Onward, Christian Soldiers.** J. & G. p. 7.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before;
 Christ, the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe,
 Forward, into battle,
 See, his banners go.

REFRAIN.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Fearing not the foe,
 In the name of Jesus,
 Onward let us go.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, praise, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

6 **Seed Time and Harvest.** J. & G. p. 8.

THREE 'S seed time and harvest, but who can foretell,
If what we have sown we shall gather as well?
The drought or the tempest may come to destroy
The rich fields of labor we hoped to enjoy;
Or life may be harvested ere we can know,
Whether God will increase what in weakness we sow.

2 When the Lord of the vineyard shall come and shall call,
For the labor he needs does it matter at all
To the servant who scatters the seed in the ground,
If his name with the harvesters never is found?
He 's bidden to sow, though he never may reap,
But the Lord of the vineyard his record will keep.

3 It may be the seed which is given to sow
May seem to us worthless—too broken to grow,
But why should we question the wisdom which plans
The thoughts of our hearts, and the work of our hands?
In faith if we sow as the Lord shall provide,
He will give us our wages—what need we beside?

4 There's seed-time and harvest, and always will be
 For those who will labor, though many may see
 A stranger's hand reaping in fields they have sown,
 While they gather harvests where others have strewn;
 And many may sow, yet they never may reap;
 But the Lord of the vineyard their record will keep.

7 Our Home Beyond. J. & G. p. 9.

OUR home beyond, forever fair,
 Beautiful world of peace;
 No sin nor death can enter there;
 Beautiful world of peace.
 The tears of grief, the pangs of woe.
 Our hearts no more shall ever know.

CHORUS.—Our home beyond, our home beyond,
 The beautiful world of peace.

2 Our home beyond, the land of rest,
 In thee our souls are ever blest;
 Dear Lord of love, we are in thee,
 From sin forever more set free.

3 Our home beyond thy gates of light,
 Soon, soon will greet our yearning sight;
 And soon our feet shall touch thy shore,
 To tread the ways of earth no more.

8 The Name of Jesus. J. & G. p. 10.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to speak its worth;
 It sounds like music in my ear—
 The sweetest name on earth.

CHORUS.—The dearest name in earth or heaven
 Is to our Lord and Master given;
 On him alone my hopes depend,
 On him our best and nearest friend.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear,
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

9

Always With Us. J. & G. p. 11.

IN our homes and on our way,
Christ is with us all the day;
Thrills above us such a song—
Burns within us such a fire,
That our footsteps never tire,
As we journey hence along.

CHORUS.— | : Oh how sweet his presence is!
He is ours, and we are his. : |

2 Evening shadows one by one
Mark our journey nearly done—
And we turn aside for rest;
Jesus Master, know before,
Tarry with us evermore;
Thou our Guide, be thou our Guest.

3 Risen for us from the grave,
Mighty Savior, save, oh save!
Hide we now ourselves in thee,
Resurrection is achieved;
Seeing not, we have believed:
Blessed ones indeed are we!

10

Always With Jesus. J. & G. p. 12.

ANYWHERE with Jesus, saith the Christian heart,
Take me where he willeth, so we do not part;
Always with him near me there's no room for
fears,
Anywhere with Jesus, in this vale of tears.

CHORUS.

Anywhere with Jesus, every-where I go,
 He shall be my leader trav'ling here below;
 Near his side abiding there's no room for
 fears,

Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

2 Anywhere with Jesus, tho' he leadeth me
 Where the path is roughest, and where dangers
 be;
 Tho' he taketh from me all I love below,
 Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go

3 Anywhere with Jesus, for it can not be
 Dreary, dark, or lonely, where he is with me;
 He will love me alway, every need supply,
 Anywhere with Jesus should I live or die.

11 The Voice of Jesus. J. & G. p. 13.

1 HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad;
 I found in him a resting place,
 And he has made we glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk;
 Till all my journey's done.

12

. Leaning on Thee. J. & G. p. 14.

LEANING on thee, my Guide and Friend,
 My gracious Savior, I am blest;
 Though weary thou dost condescend
 To be my rest.

REFRAIN.—Leaning on thee, leaning on thee,
 Jesus, on thee alone.
 | : Leaning on thee, : |
 On thee alone.

2 Leaning on thee, with child-like faith,
 To thee the future I confide;
 Each step of life's untrodden path
 Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on thee, tho' faint and weak,
 Too weak another voice to hear;
 Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
 "Be of good cheer."

13

Toil On.

J. & G. p. 15.

THRUST in the sickle, reap for God,
 Behold the ripening grain;
 A glorious harvest soon will prove
 Our labor not in vain.

REFRAIN.—Toil on, toil on,
 Let not our vigor wane;
 How sweet to know the faithful here
 Shall labor not in vain.

2 The gleaners soon will gather in
 With joy their precious gain;
 The weakest Christian soul will find
 His labor not in vain.

3 The welcome song of harvest home
 We'll sing o'er hill and plain,
 And angel choirs take up the theme,
 We labored not in vain.

4 But sweeter far than harps of gold,
 When he, who once was slain,
 Shall say to all his toiling ones,
 Ye labored not in vain.

14 The Ever-Present Jesus. J. & G. p. 16

HIS name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.

CHORUS.—Precious name, O how dear,
 Faithful friend, always near;
 Ever be thou my guide,
 Keep, O keep me forever near thy side.

2 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind.

3 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

15 Draw me Closer to Thee. J. & G. p. 17

CLOSER to thee, my Father, draw me;
 I long for thine embrace:
 Closer within thine arms enfold me;
 I seek a resting place.

CHORUS.—Closer with the cords of love,
 Draw me to thyself above.
 Closer, draw me to thyself above.

2 Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me,
 Nor let me leave thee more;

Sighing to feel thine arms around me,
And all my wand'rings o'er.

3 Closer by thy sweet spirit draw me,
Till I am wholly thine;
Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me,
Till pure my soul shall shine.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears;
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within:

CHORUS.—I cast my soul on thee,
Jesus thou Son of God,
Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Even me, even me.

2 Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age,
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,

3 On thee I rest, thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.

THREE'S a light on the dark and surging deep,
That shines when the loud winds roar,
And the form of the Friend who does not sleep
Comes on from the other shore,
Walking the sea to you and to me,
Keeping the light of us, e'er to befriend,
Ever in sight of us succor to lend,
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

2 There's a light in the depths of surging life
 That shineth forever more,
 And the friend who would stay all sin and strife
 Is here from the other shore,
 Walking life's sea, to you and to me,
 Walking so carefully, seeking to find,
 Ever so prayerfully earnest and kind,
 Walking the sea, walking the sea.

3 There's a light in the depths of Christian hearts
 That gleams on the crown before,
 And the Savior, whose love a bliss imparts,
 Attends to the other shore;
 Walking life's sea with you and with me,
 Keeping in reach of us, watching for all,
 Caring for each of us lest we should fall,
 Walking the sea, walking the sea.

18

Live for God.

J. & G. p. 20.

HARK! a warning voice within,
 Live for God, live for God;
 Now the Christian life begin,
 Live for God, live for God.
 Love the right, forsake the wrong;
 We are weak, but he is strong;
 Let his goodness be our song,
 Live for God, live for God.

REFRAIN.—Let us all live for God,
 Let us all live for God,
 Marching onward, looking upward,
 Let us all live for God.

2 Early choose the better part,
 With an humble, trusting heart,
 Learn the yoke of Christ to bear,
 Welcome burden, toil and care,
 Faithful, watching unto pray'r.

3 Ever clinging to the cross,
 Counting earthly gain but loss;
 While we all his will obey,
 Let us walk the narrow way;
 This our watchword day by day.

19

Jesus Reigns.

J. & G. p. 21

HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Publishing to every creature,
 To the ruined sons of nature,
 Jesus reigns.

CHORUS.—Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious
 Over heaven and earth most glorious.
 Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 “Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offered by the Savior.”
 Jesus reigns!

3 Here are life and free salvation,
 Offered to the whole creation;
 Here are wine and milk and honey,
 Come and purchase without money.
 Jesus reigns!

4 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
 Christ has purchased our redemption;
 Angels shout the pleasing story,
 Thro’ the brighter worlds of glory.
 Jesus reigns!

20

Cling to Thee.

J. & G. p. 22

OHOLY Savior, friend unseen,
 Since on thy arm thou bidd’st me lean,
 Help me throughout life’s varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.

REFRAIN.—Cling to thee, cling to thee,
Help me, O Savior, to cling to thee.

2 What tho' the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Tho' faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The soul that clings to thee.

21 **Abide with Me.** J. & G. p. 22.

A BIDE with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me
abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see,
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me!

22 **Will You go with Me.** J. & G. p. 23.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.

CHORUS.—!: Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me? :

2 That beautiful land, where all is light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night,
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3 The heavenly throng array'd in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
In harmony grand and pure they praise
Their glorious Savior's matchless grace.

23

Something to do.

J. & G. p. 24.

WE sing "There'll be something for children to do
In heaven, that beautiful land."
But there's something on earth here for each
one to do,
And employment for every hand.

REFRAIN.

Something to do, something to do,
Something for each and for all to do,
There's plenty to do, there's plenty to do,
Yes, plenty for young and for old to do.

2 There are parents to honor, respect, and to love,
And all their commands to obey;
For this is the will of our Father above,
And is to be done every day.

3 There are many, so many kind words to be said,
So many good deeds to be done;
To "Stand up for Jesus," the Truth and the
Right,
And every thing evil to shun.

4 Let us all as we journey along here below,
Do the good that may be in our way;
Be preparing for heaven as older we grow,
Finding some good to do every day.

24 **We'll Work while 'tis Day.** J. & G. p. 25.

WE will work, we will work while yet it is day,
 Ere life with its harvest is past,
 Tho' the sheaves may be few we glean by the way,
 They 'll help fill the storehouse at last.

CHORUS.

We will work, we will work;
 We will work while yet it is day:
 Tho' the sheaves may be few, we glean by the way,
 They 'll help fill the storehouse at last.

2 We will work ere the dew is brush'd from the way,

Ere noon, with its heat, shall draw near;
 If the clouds shall arise and hide the bright day,
 E'en then we 'll not fall to the rear.

3 We will work till the shades of evening shall come,

Till life's earnest labor is o'er;
 Then at last we will sing the dear "Harvest Home"
 With those who have gone on before.

25 **No Love like the Love of Jesus.**

J. & G. p. 26.

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
 Never to fade or fall,
 Till into the fold of the peace of God,
 He has gathered us all.

CHORUS.—Jesus' love, precious love,
 Boundless, pure, and free!
 Jesus' love, precious love,
 Boundless, pure, and free!

2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
 Filled with a tender love,
 No throb or throe that our hearts can know,
 But he feels it above.

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
 Piercing so far away,
 Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light,
 Can the wanderer stray.

4 O let us hark to the voice of Jesus,
 O may we never roam
 Till safely we rest on his loving breast,
 In the dear heav'nly home.

26

Home of the Soul.

J. & G. p. 26.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
 strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.

2 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

3 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain!
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our
 hands,
 To meet one another again.

27

Trusting Jesus, that is all. J. & G. p. 27.

SIMPLY trusting every day;
 Trusting tho' a stormy way;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.—Trusting him while life shall last,
 Trusting him till earth is past—
 Till within the jasper wall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Singing, if my way is clear;
 Praying if the path is drear;
 If in danger, for him call—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by,
 Trusting him whate'er befall—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

28 **Look to the Shore.** J. & G. p. 28.

LOOK to the shore, brother, look to the shore,
 Fear not the tempests that wildly roar;
 Tho' life's deep billows should oftwhelm you
 o'er,
 Strike thro' their foaming rage and look to the
 shore:

REFRAIN.

Look to the shore, look to the shore,
 When mocked by toil and strife;
 O look to the shore,
 Look to the shore, look to the shore;
 Turn from the storms of life and look to the
 shore.

2 Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore,
 Thro' deeper surges Christ passed before;
 'Mid daily burdens, O think what he bore,
 Cling to hope's anchor still, and look to the shore.

3 Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore,
 Seek there to rest when life shall be o'er;
 See thro' the breakers the glory in store,
 Cast off your doubts and fears, and look to the
 shore,

UP, heir of heaven,
 The present is thine;
 Ne'er was it given
 Therein to repine;
 Hopes may have faded,
 And flowers have died,
 Others, love-shaded,
 Still bloom at thy side.

2 Up and be doing
 With heart, hand, and mind,
 Something pursuing
 Of good to mankind;
 Willingness ever
 Hath light by the way,
 Bark on life's river.
 Moor not while 't is day.

3 Up and be doing,
 With banner unfurled,
 Angels are viewing
 Thy strife with the world;
 Soon will be given
 Eternal reward,
 Up, heir of heaven,
 And work for thy Lord.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
 It is not to behold
 The glory of thy jasper walls,
 Thy streets of purest gold;
 To see the twelve Apostles' names
 Upon thy bulwark traced,
 Thy gates each one a solid pearl,
 By each an angel placed.

REFRAIN.—“Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Name ever dear to me
O may at last my name be found”
With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee.

2 The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, “O, may my home
Be found at last in thee,”
No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine,
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

3 But O! than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see;
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me!
“Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found”
With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee.

31 Singing with the Angels. J. & G. p. 31.

I HAVE dreamed sweet dreams of a better
home,
Of a better home than this,
Of a home where sorrows never come
Where all is perfect bliss.

CHORUS.—Singing with the angels,
There, there, over, over there;
Singing with the angels,
In that home so fair.

2 I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better life,
Of a better life than this,
Where there is no conflict, and no strife,
Where all is perfect peace.

3 I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better land:
 Of a better land than this,
 Where the ransomed tread the golden strand,
 Where joys shall never cease.

32 Hail, the Day of Jubilee. J. & G. p. 32.

ALL hail the day of Jubilee,
 Our anniversary day,
 Our blithest greetings we would bring,
 And chant our sweetest lay.

CHO^RUS.—Hail, hail, all hail
 The hour of festal glee,
 With joy we meet
 Our friends to greet,
 And sing our jubilee.

2 The wreath of friendship we have twined
 Around our souls to-day,
 And joyful lips would raise a song
 To make the sad heart gay.

3 Yet on the shores of living light
 Beyond the narrow sea,
 May ev'ry voice, in notes of fire,
 Prolong heav'n's Jubilee.

33 "The Morning Star." J. & G. p. 33.

THERE'S a star that shines on the blest
 highway
 Where the ransom'd heav'n bound are;
 As a fire by night, and a cloud by day—
 'T is the Bright and Morning Star.

CHO^RUS.—The Bright and Morning Star,
 The Bright and Morning Star,
 A beacon light, both near and far,
 Is Jesus, the Morning Star.

2 The pilgrim weary and weak in faith
 Hath smiled in its beams afar,
 One died to redeem him, 't is he who saith:
 "I'm the Bright and Morning Star."

3 O narrow and rugged, the blood-bought way,
 That leads to the pearly bar,
 But they who pass it shall walk for aye
 By the light of the Morning Star.

4 Shall trial and sorrow, so sure to come,
 The peace of the Spirit mar?
 Nay, brightest in gloom is the light of home,
 Of the Bright and Morning Star.

34

Rejoice Evermore. J. & G. p. 34.

REJOICE, O yes, rejoice,
 A prophet God hath given
 To teach our poor misguided souls
 And lead the way to heaven.

CHORUS.—Rejoice, rejoice,
 Yes, evermore rejoice;
 With all the powers of heart and voice
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, O yes, rejoice,
 Our Great High Priest appears,
 Himself an offered sacrifice
 To take away our fears.

3 Rejoice, O yes, rejoice,
 Since Jesus reigns as King;
 Rejoice, his scepter to obey,
 And grateful tribute bring.

4 Rejoice, O yes, rejoice,
 Since death is captive led;
 Christ nailed the tyrant to his cross,
 And rose our living Head.

35 Scholar's Greeting Song. J. & G. p. 35.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
 But all their joys are one.

REFRAIN.—We come, we come,
 Our Savior's name to praise;
 We come, we come,
 His name to praise.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine,
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be Lord forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

36 Praise Ye the Lord. J. & G. p. 36.

PRAISE ye the Lord, all ye moor-lands and
 mountains;
 Praise him alone, all ye ever-green hills;
 Glory to God, shout the bright-flowing fountains,
 Till all the earth with your melody fills
 Woodlands and meadow flow'rs—
 Joy of the Summer hours;
 Join with the winds in their anthems of praise.
 Sprays of the water-fall,
 Chant ye a coronal
 Here at the feet of the ancient of days.

2 Praise ye the Lord, all ye winds of the corners,
 Up from the glen peal the notes of your song,
 Praise Him who cheereth the hearts of earth's
 mourners,
 Sing to the Lord, in his praise be ye strong;
 Praise him each bounding wave,
 Desert and cliff and cave,
 Rock and ravine where the shadows are dim.
 Wake from your silentness,
 Sing to the wilderness,
 Praise ye the Lord, pay your homage to him.

3 Sing to the Lord, all ye kindred and nations,
 Tribes and dominions that people the world,
 Where 'er the sun sheds its glowing carnations,
 There let your standards of praise be unfurled
 Shout till the bending sky
 Ringing shall send reply,
 Back from the farthermost wandering star.
 Shout till your songs of love
 Peal thro' the air above,
 Bearing your song to the mountains afar.

37 **Away to the Field.** J. & G. p. 37.

A WAY to the field, for the harvest is white,
 Come away, 't is the call of your Lord;
 His servants ye are, O! come up in his might,
 Come, ho! come with a happy accord.

CHORUS.—Haste away! O haste away!
 Now the Master is calling for you;
 The harvest is great, O no longer delay!
 Help we need, for the lab'ilers are few.

2 Come away to the field, O how loud its demands!
 For the zealous, the strong and the brave;
 Ye are not your own, your Redeemer commands
 That ye hasten the harvest to save.

3 Away to the field in the ardor of zeal
 And the smile of the Savior will cheer,
 And quickly the shout thro' the heavens will peal,
 Of the harvest brought home ye shall hear.

38 Happy Hours. J. & G. p. 38.

WE love the sunny days of Spring,
 With early blossoms, birds, and flowers:
 But most we love when Sundays bring
 Of Sabbath-school the happy hours.

CHORUS.—Sweet Sabbath-school, sweet Sabbath-school,
 The children's happy, happy home;
 Thro' thy blest ways in future days,
 Shall many happy children come.

2 We love to learn all thro' the week
 The things that make us good and wise;
 But most we love the truths to seek,
 That light our pathway to the skies.

3 We love the stories of the brave,
 The noble men who earth have trod;
 But more to hear of him
 Who gave his life to bring us up to God.

4 We may not roam o'er Olivet
 Nor view the pleasant Jordan near;
 But he who there his children met
 Will surely come to meet us here.

39 Shout for Joy. J. & G. p. 39.

SHOUT for joy, come before the Lord with
 singing,
 Young and old wake the glad refrain:
 Praise Jehovah! to him your tribute bringing,
 Till the skies echo back the strain.
 Praise the Father, who loves his children ever;
 Chant his goodness in cheerful song;
 He, our God, will forsake his people never,
 Endless praises to him belong.

2 Praise the Son, who has bro't us free salvation,
 Pardon, peace, through his precious blood,
 Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,
 Wand'ring souls to the fold of God ;
 Holy Spirit, our Comforter in sadness,
 Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on,
 Thee we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,
 With the Father and Holy Son.

40 Our Eternal Home. J. & G. p. 40.

BEYOND the scenes of toil and pain,
 Amid the bright angelic train
 Where peace and joy forever reign,
 Our home, eternal home is there.

CHORUS.—Our heavenly home, our heavenly home,
 Our beautiful heavenly home,
 Which Jesus promised to prepare,
 Our home, eternal home is there.

2 Beyond the reach of strife and sin,
 Where naught of ill can enter in ;
 Where all is holy, pure, and clean,
 Our home, eternal home is there.

3 Beyond the flight of passing years
 Their lights and shades, their hopes and fears ;
 Where never change or end appears,
 Our home, eternal home is there.

41 So Much Like Jesus. J. & G. p. 41.

WHAT is it that adorns the daily life
 And lights the face of them
 Who journey onward in the path that leads
 To the new Jerusalem ?

CHORUS.

They have been with Jesus and have learned of
 him,
 He has washed them white as snow,

And they ever follow in the narrow way,
In his blessed paths they go.

- 2 What is it that so richly crowns with grace,
Like royal diadem,
The brow of those who travel in the way
To the new Jerusalem?
- 3 What is it sounding in their every tone
That seems to us so sweet?
These virtues rare, they gather only there,
At the dear Redeemer's feet.

42 Give Glory to God. J. & G. p. 42

GIVE glory to God for his wonderful love,
Down flowing to us from the heaven above,
The love that provideth with bountiful care,
For all who his bounty and goodness will share.

CHORUS.—Give glory to God,
Give glory to God for his wonderful love.
Give glory to God
Give glory to God for his love.

- 2 Give glory to God for the riches of grace
The joys of his presence and smiles of his face,
For blessings which he in profusion doth send
For mercies and favors that never know end.
- 3 Give glory to God for the gift of his Son,
And glory to Jesus for what he has done,
And unto the Spirit who seals us for heav'n,
Be glory henceforth and for evermore giv'n.

43 One Hundredth Psalm. J. & G. p. 43

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord | all ye |
lands,
Serve the | Lord with gladness, come before his |
presence with | singing. ||
Know ye that the Lord he is God ; he hath made
us and not | we our- | selves, |
We are his people and the | sheep of his | pasture. ||

2 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into
his | courts with | praise.

Be | thankful unto him and | bless his | name.||
For the Lord is good, his mercy is | ever- | lasting; |
And his truth endureth to | all gene- | rations. ||
Glory be to the Father and , to the | Son and | to
the | Holy | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning | is | now | and ever shall
be | world without | end. | Amen. Amen.

44

I Love to Sing for Jesus. J. & G. p. 44

I LOVE to sing for Jesus,
My soul in earnest song
Pours out its tide of gladness,
His praises to prolong.
I love to sing for Jesus
In warm, enraptured strains,
To roll the hallelujahs
Up to the Eden plains.

CHORUS.—I love, I love,
I love to sing for Jesus;
I love, I love,
I love to sing for Jesus.

2 I love to work for Jesus,
I know no greater joy
Than in his blessed service
My powers to employ.
I love to work for Jesus,
Where'er he beckons me;
I'll run to meet the summons,
And labor cheerfully.

3 I love to pray to Jesus!
How sweet the ecstasy
Which our enjoyed communion
Has often brought to me

I love to pray to Jesus!
 For at the place of prayer
 He meets and warmly greets me,
 And cheers my spirit there.

45

Songs of Faith. J. & G. p. 45.

O Songs of faith that pilgrims sing!
 To you our hearts forever cling:
 You guide us where the saints have trod,
 You lead us to the throne of God.
 O music soft! O music sweet!
 Borne upward by your song,
 Tho' storms of time around us beat,
 The weakest heart grows strong.

2 O songs of love that angels sing!
 What peace and joy your sweet notes bring:
 They float so sweetly down the way
 That leads us up to endless day.
 O music soft! O music sweet!
 With heaven in the strain,
 Our waiting ears your sweet songs greet,
 They calm our weary pain.

3 And now, O joy! at last, at last,
 The years of toil and woe are past,
 And Zion's golden gate appears;
 We pass for aye from grief and tears.
 O music soft! O music sweet!
 We lay our burdens down,
 For evermore at Jesus' feet,
 And there receive our crown.

46

No Book like the Bible. J. & G. p. 46.

No book is like the Bible,
 For childhood, youth, and age;
 Our duty, plain and simple,
 We find on every page.

It came by inspiration.
 A light to guide our way,
 A voice from him who gave it,
 Reproving when we stray.

CHORUS.—No book is like the Bible,
 The blessed book we love;
 The pilgrim's chart of glory,
 It leads to God above.

2 It tells of man's creation,
 His sad primeval fall;
 It tells of man's redemption,
 Thro' Christ who died for all.
 In sacred words of wisdom,
 It bids us watch and pray,
 And early come to Jesus,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 O let us love the Bible,
 And praise it more and more;
 Our life is like a shadow,
 Our days will soon be o'er.
 But if we closely follow
 The counsel God has given,
 We then may hope with angels
 To sing his praise in heaven.

What Doest Thou? J. & G. p. 47.

WHAT dost thou *here*? O truant soul!
 In peace and quiet sleeping:
 Hast thou attained thy destined goal,
 Hadst thou no charge in keeping?

CHORUS.—Arise! the Master is calling thee!
 Calling thee, calling thee!
 Arise! go forth,
 The world hath need of thee.

2 What doest thou? O jealous one!
 With anxious ardor burning;

Fearing God's cause will not be won?
All men to error turning?

3 What doest thou? O weary one!
So hastily despairing;
Thy work for God will not be done
While he for thee is caring.

4 What doest thou? Go on thy way,
Thy work, thy Lord providing;
Thy strength conferring day by day,
Thy steps his Spirit guiding.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead.
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

49

I am Listening. J. & G. p. 48.

DO you hear the Savior calling,
By the wooings of his voice?
Do you hear the accents falling?
Will you make the precious choice?

REFRAIN.—I am listening, O I'm listening
Just to hear the accents fall;
I am list'ning, O I'm list'ning
To the Savior's gentle call.

- 2 By his *Spirit* he is wooing,
Softly drawing us to him,
Thro' the day and night pursuing,
With his gentle voice to win.
- 3 By the *Word* of Truth he 's speaking
To the wand'ring, erring ones;
List! the voice the stillness breaking!
Hear the sweet and solemn tones!
- 4 In his *Providential dealing*,
Even in his stern decrees,
In the loudest thunders pealing,
Or the murmur'ring of the breeze.

50

The Sure Foundation. J. & G. p. 49.

THREE stands a Rock, on shores of time,
That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
That rock is cleft, and they are blest,
Who find within this cleft a rest.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting sand,
Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their
land.

Mine's on a Rock that forever will stand,
Jesus, the "Rock of Ages."

- 2 That Rock 's a Cross, its arms outspread,
Celestial glory bathes its head;

To its firm base my all I bring,
And to the Cross of Ages cling.

3 That Rock's a Tower, whose lofty height,
Illumed with heaven's unclouded light,
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,
Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

51

Bearing the Cross. J. & G. p. 50.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

CHORUS.--O help me, Lord, the cross to bear,
And here below my soul prepare,
So I in heaven the crown may wear,
And ever praise thy name.

2 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

52

"It is I! Be not afraid." J. & G. p. 51.

FEAR not the gloom of the midnight,
Dread not the storm of the sea;
'T is I, who am coming to save thee,
'T is I! art thou trusting in me?

CHORUS.

Trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee:
 I'll doubt thee no more, my Redeemer;
 Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee,
 I'll ever be trusting in thee.

2 Fear not the heat of the furnace,
 The Master is speaking to thee:
 'T is I, who am cooling the footsteps,
 'T is I! art thou trusting in me?

3 Heed not the wrath of the tempter,
 My presence thy shelter shall be;
 'T is I, who am keeping thy spirit,
 'T is I! art thou trusting in me?

4 Fear not the chill of the valley,
 For death but a shadow shall be;
 My rod and my staff shall support thee,
 'T is I! keep on trusting in me.

53 Laboring on. J. & G. p. 52.

WE are laboring on in the cause of Jesus,
 Laboring on, laboring on;
 We are swelling the ranks of his glorious army,
 Laboring on, laboring on.

For we know we shall stand with the shining
 band

When we reach his throne above,
 And enjoy the reward with our chosen Lord,
 Through our great Redeemer's love.

2 We are laboring on for our gracious Master,
 Laboring on, laboring on;
 In his vineyard we'll work while the days are
 going,
 Laboring on, laboring on.
 With our songs always glad and our hearts
 never sad,
 We will walk the shining way,

Toiling on with delight e'er the shades of night
Take the place of golden day.

3 We are laboring on for the golden promise,
Laboring on, laboring on;
We will prove by our works that we have been
faithful,
Laboring on, laboring on.
Then we know we shall rest with the pure and
blest,
In the fields of light above,
Far beyond the dark gloom of the silent tomb,
We shall rest in Jesus' love.

54

Ever will I Pray. J. & G. p. 53.

FATHER, in the morning
Unto thee I'll pray,
Let thy loving kindness
Keep me thro' this day.

CHORUS.—I will pray, I will pray,
Ever will I pray;
Morning, noon, and evening
Unto thee I'll pray.

- 2 At the busy noontide,
 Pressed with work and care,
 Then I 'll wait with Jesus
 Till he hear my prayer.
- 3 When the evening shadows
 Chase away the light,
 Father, then I 'll pray thee
 Bless thy child to-night.
- 4 Thus in life's glad morning,
 In its bright noonday,
 In its shadowy evening
 Ever will I pray.

55 I Will Follow Jesus. J. & G. p. 54.

I WILL follow Jesus whither he may lead,
 In the thorny pathway, in the flow'ry mead,
 In his blessed footsteps walk the heav'nward way,
 Till I reach the Summer land of endless day.

CHORUS.

Yes, I 'll follow Jesus, follow only him,
 Who hath died to save me from the curse of sin ;
 Follow where he leadeth, follow all the way,
 Till he leads me to the realms of endless day.

2 I will follow Jesus, tho' the cold world frown,
 Bearing scorn in meekness, pressing for the
 crown ;
 Humbly going onward, counting all but loss,
 If I may but follow him and bear the cross.

3 I will follow Jesus till my work is done,
 Till the foe is conquer'd and the vict'ry won ;
 I will follow Jesus to the mansions bright,
 There to wear the crown of gold and robe of
 white.

56 In God We Trust. J. & G. p. 55.

IN God we trust !
 He is our sure defense,
 He shields us with
 His own omnipotence.

CHORUS.—In God we trust,
 In God we trust,
 For help and strength
 In God we trust.

2 In God we trust !
 He is a solid Rock,
 Unmov'd and firm
 Against all earthly shock.

3 In God we trust!
 He is our Helper now,
 We pay to him
 Our humble solemn vow.

57 We 'll do all We can. J. & G. p. 56.

WE never will think there is naught we
 can do,
 Because we can 't work like a man;
 The harvest is great, and the lab'lers are few,
 So we must do all, all we can.

CHORUS.

O yes, we 'll do all, all we can,
 O yes, we 'll do all, all we can,
 The harvest is great, and the lab'lers are few,
 So we must do all, all we can.

2 And if we have only a penny to give,
 We 'll give it, tho' scanty our store;
 For they who give nothing when little they
 have
 When wealthy will, give little more.

3 But if an abundance we have at command,
 O Father the spirit bestow,
 To scatter our wealth with a liberal hand,
 To cheer those in sorrow and woe.

4 Tho' God may not call us in regions afar,
 To scatter the Gospel abroad;
 We 'll point those around us to Bethlehem's star,
 To heaven, to home, and to God.

58 Give, Cheerfully Give. J. & G. p. 57.

GIVE! give! cheerfully give,
 As God hath given to thee;
 Do good to all is the great command,
 And thine a crown shall be.

Give to the widow and orphan one,
 Whose burden is hard to bear ;
 Visit the homes that are poor and dark,
 And scatter thy treasures there.

2 Give ! give ! cheerfully give,
 Tho' small may be thy store.
 O, not in vain was the widow's mite ;
 Then give and trust for more.
 Give to the weary, the sick, and faint ;
 O banish the tears they shed :
 Do it in meekness, and love to Him,
 Who giveth thy daily bread.

3 Give ! give ! prayfully give,
 Where'er thou canst relieve,
 And thou shalt prove it is far more blest
 To give than to receive.
 Give to the spread of the Gospel light,
 To those by the cross who stand ;
 Give to the missions at home and abroad,
 O give with a bounteous hand.

59 The Land Just Across the River.

J. & G. p. 58.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the "fair and happy" land,
 (By and by,)
 Just across on the ever-green shore ;
 Sing "the song of Moses and the Lamb,"
 By and by,
 And dwell with Jesus ever more.

2 O'er all those wide extended plains,
 Shines one eternal day.

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

60

Do the Right.

J. & G. p. 59.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

REFRAIN.—Do the right, do the right,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward night,
Star upon our path abiding,—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

61

Work, for the Night is Coming.

J. & G. p. 59.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs,

Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing
 Work, for the daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

62

Toiling up the Way. J. & G. p. 60

WE are toiling up the way,
 Narrow way, narrow way;
 We have journey'd many a day,
 T'ward the kingdom;
 T'ward the distant shining land,
 Golden land, golden land,
 Where the heavenly harpers stand,
 In the kingdom.

CHORUS.—Still we sing, Christ our King,
 Walks with us the weary way,
 And the shining angels wait,
 To unbar the golden gate
 Of the kingdom.

2 Tho' the journey may be long,
 Hard and long, hard and long,
 We will cheer it with a song
 Of the kingdom.
 We shall enter by the cross,
 Blessed cross, blessed cross,
 Gaining gold that hath no dross,
 In the kingdom.

3 We shall gather home at last,
 Sorrow past, sorrow past,
 We shall hold our jewels fast ;
 In the kingdom.
 We shall dwell in perfect light
 Holy light, holy light,
 Never dimm'd by tears at night,
 In the kingdom.

4 We shall know each other there,
 Over there, over there,
 When our angel robes we wear,
 In the kingdom.
 All that's purest, holiest here,
 Grows more dear, grows more dear,
 In the mansions drawing near,
 In the kingdom.

63

He Leadeth Me. J. & G. p. 60.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
 By his own hand he leadeth me!
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 't is his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done;
When, by thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

64 Friend After Friend Departs.

J. & G. p. 61.

FRRIEND after friend departs.
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

65 The Great Physician. J. & G. p. 61.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
 O, hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus,
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.

66

The Old, Old Story. J. & G. p. 61.

TELL me the old, old story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.—Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember! I 'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save;
 Tell me the story always,
 If you would really be

In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

67

Sweet Resting By and By.

J. & G. p. 62.

WE'LL lay our heavy burdens down,
By and by, by and by;
Exchange the cross for the golden crown,
By and by.

CHORUS.—There'll be sweet resting

By and by, by and by, by and by;
Sweet, sweet, resting,
By and by.

2 We'll sing with all the ransom'd there,
By and by, by and by;
And swell our praise on the balmy air,
By and by.

3 We'll be with Jesus where he is,
By and by, by and by;
A home more brightly fair than this,
By and by.

68 Who are These Like Stars Appearing?

J. & G. p. 63

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing
Who compose this happy band.

CHORUS.—“Alleluia!” Hark! they sing,
 Praises to their God and King :
 “Alleluia! Christ is Lord,
 Sing his praise with sweet accord.”

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God’s own righteousness;
 These in robes of purest whiteness,
 Lustrous in their Savior’s grace?

3 These are they who have contended
 For their Savior’s honor long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng.

69 **The Other Shore.** J. & G. p. 64

BEAUTIFUL forms in mellow light,
 Over the river, the river;
 Clothed in their garments pure and white,
 Over the river, the river!
 There are the saints who once below
 Sighed in the gloom of earthly woe,
 O the sweet joy of love they know,
 Over the river!

CHORUS.—Soon we’ll join that band,
 On the golden strand,
 In the Summer land,
 Over the river.

2 Angels, sweet angels, bright, serene,
 Over the river!
 Walking among the groves of green,
 Over the river!
 Youthful as when in time’s fair Spring,
 Shouting, they clapped their joyous wing,
 Hark! how those happy angels sing,
 Over the river.

3 Minist’ring spirits, there they stand,
 Over the river!
 Helping the struggling souls to land,
 Over the river!

Grateful the office they perform,
 After so long and fierce a storm,
 Cheering them all with welcome warm,
 Over the river!

70 That will be Heaven for me. J. & G. p. 65.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
 To take me away to his own dear home ;
 But I know that his presence will lighten the
 gloom,
 And that will be glory for me.

REFRAIN.

And that will be glory for me,
 O that will be glory for me!
 But I know that his presence will lighten the
 gloom,
 And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing ;
 I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring ;
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our
 King,
 And that will be music for me.

REFRAIN.

And that will be music for me,
 O that will be music for me!
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our
 King,
 And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair ;
 I know not the name that I then shall bear ;
 But I know that my Savior will welcome me
 there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

REFRAIN.

And that will be heaven for me,
 O that will be heaven for me!

But I know that my Savior will welcome me
there,
And that will be heaven for me.

71 “**We shall see Him as He is.**” J. & G. p. 66.

WHEN the *march* of life is over,
With its battles fought and won;
When in victory rejoicing
To the City we shall come;
When to us the portals open
To the realms of endless bliss,
Then we'll hail our glorious Captain—
“We shall see him as he is.”

CHORUS.

We shall know our Savior there,
In the realms of endless bliss;
Like him we shall ever be,
“For we'll see him as he is.”

2 When the *work* of life is over,
With its weary care and pain,
We shall leave it all behind us,
Never more to feel again;
When the pearly gates we enter,
Into perfect rest and peace,
Then we'll hail our Friend and Helper—
“We shall see him as he is.”

3 When the *joys* of life are over,
Which so quickly pass away;
When the mingled cloud and sunshine
Break into the perfect day;
When the resurrection morning
Brings us everlasting bliss,
Then we'll hail our dear Redeemer—
“We shall see him as he is.”

72 The Lord's Prayer. (GREGORIAN CHANT.) 
J. & G. p. 67.

OUR Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be
thy | name: ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done | in | earth,
as it | is in | heaven. ||
Give us this | day our | daily | bread || and forgive
us our trespasses as we forgive | them that |
trespass a- | gainst us; ||
And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver |
us from | evil: ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
the | glory, for | ever. A- | men. ||

78 "I shall be Satisfied." J. & G. p. 68.

WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn of
morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

2 When I shall see thy glory face to face,
When in thine arms thou wilt thy child embrace,
When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

CHORUS.—I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
By and by.

3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
And find how faithful thou to me hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise him with the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

74

"Washed in the Blood." J. & G. p. 68.

COME to the fountain flowing deep and wide,
 Flowing for sinners from Immanuel's side;
 Rise from 'neath its purple tide,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHORUS.

Glory evermore to the dear Redeemer's name,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

2 Ye, who are burdened with a sense of sin,
 Feeling its guilt and secret power within,
 May be made entirely clean,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3 Still flows the fountain ever full and free,
 Saving its thousands, even such as we;
 And yet thousands more may be
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

75

Sweeping thro' the Gates. J. & G. p. 69.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
 Just on the borders of the silent grave,
 Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

2 These, these are they who in affliction's woes
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 These, these are they who in the conflict dire
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire,
 Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow are all o'er,
 Happy now and evermore,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHORUS.—Sweeping thro' the streets of the New
 Jerusalem, etc.

5 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
 Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
 Then in heav'n the saints we'll join,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb,

76 The Music of Heaven. J. & G. p. 70.

THE music of heaven is sweeter in measure,
 And purer in every strain,
 Than the music of earth, tho' it fills us with
 pleasure,
 As it thrillingly rolls over valley and plain.

REFRAIN.

O music of heaven so rich and so sweet!
 O joy it will bring us, so full and complete.

2 The music of heaven is grander in rhyming
 Than any that mortal e'er ton'd,
 And the mansions of glory forever are chiming
 With the songs that come up to the Savior en-
 thron'd.

3 The music of heaven, no mortal can sing it,
 Save he who attunes his poor soul
 At the throne of the Father to swell it and ring it,
 With the angels who make it thro' Paradise
 roll.

77 Our Cherished Ones. (QUARTET).

J. & G. p. 71.

GATHER the cherished ones
 Home to their rest,
 Strew the pale roses
 Over the breast;

Like them in beauty,
 Flowers decay,
 When the heart's earthly joy
 Passeth away.

2 Weep for the cherished ones,
 Hallow with tears
 Graves which the love of
 Lost ones endears;
 Trust to their pillow
 Gently the dead,
 Angels from heaven will
 Watch o'er their bed.

3 Jesus our cherished ones
 Welcomes on high,
 With him forever,
 No more to die;
 May we, dear Father,
 When life is o'er,
 Meet them in glory, to
 Part nevermore.

78

I Long to be There.

J. & G. p. 72

O THERE is a beautiful city,
 Just over the river so cold;
 'T was built by the Father Almighty—
 Jerusalem, city of gold.

CHORUS.—I long, O I long to be there;
 I long, O I long to be there;
 I'll gladly pass over the river to-day,
 For O, how I long to be there.

2 No sun ever shines on that city,
 Yet never the drearisome night
 Enshrouds with a mantle its beauty,
 For glory divine is its light.

3 No sin ever reigns in that city,
 No foe lies in wait to annoy:

No grief ever calls for our pity,
For full is the measure of joy.

4 O when will the conflict be ended,
The sum of my sorrows be told,
And I, by the angels attended,
Go up to this city of gold?

79

A Few More Years. J. & G. p. 73.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

CHORUS.—Then O, my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me, cleanse me, in thy blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more struggles here
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest—
Eternal Sabbath day.

80

Landmarks. J. & G. p. 74.

TELL us not the world 's a barren waste before us.

Verdant hills and smiling vales our vision greet,
And we stoop to gather up the tiny blossoms,
Breathing fresh and balmy incense at our feet.

CHORUS.

There are landmarks that remind us
Of the pure and cloudless regions of the blest;
They are footprints of the pilgrims
And the loved ones who have entered into rest.

2 Tho' we stand beside the waves of earthly sorrow,
 Tho' we see their turbid waters darkly flow,
 How they brighten, when the storm-cloud pass-
 eth over!
 With a luster from the spirit land they glow.

3 No! the world is not a barren waste before us,
 When the loving hand of Jesus guides our way;
 And we know the path that leadeth home to
 glory
 Growtheth brighter to the pure and perfect day.

81 'T is not for Man to trifle.

J. & G. p. 75.

'T IS not for man to trifle! Life is brief and |
 sin is | here,
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a | drop-
 ping | tear;
 We have no time to sport a | way the | hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

2 Not many lives, but only one have we, one, |
 only | one!
 How sacred should that one life ever be; that |
 narrow | span!
 Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil,
 Hour after hour, still bringing in new spoil.

3 Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | va-
 cant | dream.
 No fable of the things that never were; but |
 only | seem.
 'T is full of meaning, as of | myste- | ry,
 Though strange and solemn may that meaning
 be.

4 Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no |
 idle | tale,
 No cloud that flits along the sky of light on |
 Summer | gale;
 They are the true reali- | ties of | earth,
 Friends and companions even from our birth.

5 O life below! how brief and poor and sad! One |
 heavy | sigh.
O life above! how long and fair and glad! One |
 endless | joy.
O to be done with daily | dying | here;
O to begin the living in yon sphere!

6 O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how!
 dull your | hue!
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,
 made | fair and | new, |
Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

82 The Kingdom Above. J. & G. p. 76.

THREE'S a kingdom above,
'T is a kingdom of love,
Where the Lord and his ransom'd abide;
And its bliss I shall share,
For I'm journeying there,
With the Lord as my leader and guide.

CHORUS.— | : I am bound, I am bound,
For the kingdom above. :|

2 There's a stream in that land,
In that beautiful land,
'T is the river of life, and of love;
I shall stand on its brink,
Of its pure waters drink,
In the kingdom of glory above.

3 There's a crown in that land,
In that beautiful land;
Yes, a crown that is golden and fair;
At my Savior's command,
I shall go to that land,
And shall wear it eternally there.

4 There's a home in that land,
 In that beautiful land,
 'T is all glorious and golden and fair;
 Very soon, very soon,
 When my life-work is done,
 I shall take up my dwelling place there.

Just Beyond.

J. & G. p. 77.

HEAR you ever angels singing,
 As around the throne they shine?
 Yes I often hear them chanting,
 Chanting hymns of love divine.

CHORUS.—Heaven's plains are just before us,
 Just beyond the shores of time;
 Soon we'll join the mighty chorus,
 In that brighter, better clime.

2 Hear you ever in your slumbers
 Songs from those who've gone before?
 O how often do I hear them,
 Singing on the other shore.

3 Do you ever feel like going
 To that land so bright and fair?
 O how often would I gladly
 Go and join the loved ones there.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
 Glowing hopes of joys to come,
 And when earthly ties we sever,
 Meet in heaven, our happy home.

We shall meet Them. J. & G. p. 78.

WHERE the merry birds are singing,
 Where the flowerets gently wave,
 There the lov'd and lost are sleeping,
 In the cold and silent grave,
 O! we laid them there in sadness
 While our hearts were filled with pain;
 But we know that in the morning
 We shall meet them once again.

CHORUS.—Where the angels bright are singing,
 Where no sorrow e'er can come,
 We shall meet our cherished lov'd ones
 In their bright eternal home.

2 Death has taken many a loved one
 From our homes and fond embrace;
 But the hour of joy is coming,
 When we 'll meet them face to face,
 Healing balm for wounded spirits;
 For the Lord will soon appear,
 And within his glorious kingdom
 We shall meet our friends so dear.

85

Angel, Onward Speed. J. & G. p. 79.

ONWARD speed thy conq'ring flight,
 Angel, onward speed!
 Cast abroad thy radiant light,
 Bid the shades recede.
 Tread the idols in the dust,
 Heathen fanes destroy,
 Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
 Spread the Gospel's joy.

REFRAIN.—Angel, onward!
 Onward speed thy way,
 Usher in the great millennial day.

2 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight,
 Angel, onward fly;
 Long has been the reign of night,
 Bring the morning nigh.
 Unto thee earth's suff'ers lift
 Their imploring wail—
 Bear them heaven's holy gift
 Ere their courage fail.

3 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight
 Angel, onward speed!
 Morning bursts upon our sight,
 Lo! the time decreed;

Now the Lord his kingdom takes,
 Thrones and empires fall,
 Now the joyous song awakes,
 "God is all in all."

86

Touch Not!

J. & G. p. 80.

TOUCH not the cup! 't will be death to thy soul,
 Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl,
 Little they thought that the demon was there;
 Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.

CHORUS.

Taste not the cup! 't is a death-dealing bowl,
 Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;
 Handle it not, as you value your soul,
 Touch not the cup! Touch not the cup!

2 Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright,
 Though like the ruby, it shines in the light;
 Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul.

3 Touch not the cup! O young man, in thy pride,
 Hark to the warning of thousands who 've died;
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
 Think that perhaps you must share in their doom.

87

Death is There.

J. & G. p. 81.

O TOUCH it not, for deep within
 That ruby tinted bowl,
 Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin
 To seize upon your soul.

CHORUS.

O touch not the wine-cup!
 The sparkling, tempting, pois'ning wine-cup!
 O touch not the wine-cup!
 For death, sure death is there.

2 That sparkling glass, if you partake,
 Will prove your deadly foe,
 And may, ere yet its bubbles break,
 Have sealed your endless woe.

3 Then pause ere yet the cup you drain,
 The hand that lifts it stay!
 Resolve forever to abstain,
 And cast the bowl away.

88

On to Victory.

J. & G. p. 82.

RAISE your banner high in air,
 Write the name of Jesus there;
 Marching, marching on to victory;
 Let its folds be wide unfurled,
 Let it float o'er all the world—
 Marching, marching on to victory.

REFRAIN.

Marching, marching on to victory;
 Marching, marching, this we soon shall see.
 Press, ye soldiers, press ye on,
 Cease not till the battle 's won,
 Marching, marching on to victory.

2 Hear the Great Commander call,
 "Into ranks, ye soldiers fall,"
 Marching, marching on to victory;
 Never from your purpose bend,
 He 'll be with you to the end,
 Marching, marching on to victory.

3 Round the banner of the Cross;
 Whether earthly gain or loss;
 Marching, marching on to victory.
 Let us rally day by day,
 While we fight, both watch and pray;
 Marching, marching on to victory.

89

Help, Lord.

J. & G. p. 83.

HELP, Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand
 To succor and to save!
 Intemp'rance over all the land
 Sweeps like a tidal wave.
 The cruel Moloch of the cup,
 As pitiless as fate,
 Has swallowed all our treasures up,
 And made us desolate.

2 Help, Lord! the strength of manhood fails

Before this dreadful foe,

Whose treach'rous power his soul assails,
 And lays his honor low.

Into the paradise of home

The cruel serpent crawls;

Before the monster's poisoned breath
 Love, truth, and reason falls.

3 Dear Lord of love! our only hope,

Give us thy strength to bear

Above the waves our loved ones up

On wings of faith and prayer;

Roll back the tide of woe and death,

Beneath whose surging waves

A hundred thousand souls each year

Sink to dishonored graves.

90

We will Rally to the Standard.

J. & G. p. 84

WE will rally to the standard
 Of our blessed Lord and King;
 We will gather 'neath his banner,
 We to him our hearts will bring;
 We will come to him, our Savior;
 With his blood he hath us bought;
 He hath said, "Let little children
 Come to me, forbid them not."

CHORUS.—We will rally to the standard
 Of our blessed Lord and King;
 We will gather 'neath his banner,
 We to him our hearts will bring.

2 Children, come, our ranks are open;
 We will give the welcome hand;
 Come with us, our Prince is calling,
 Come and join our happy band.
 We have Jesus for our Captain,
 He will keep us from all harm;
 Where he leads us we will follow,
 Trusting in his saving arm.

3 He will give us peace and pardon,
 He will name us as his own;
 He will crown us with his glory,
 He will guide us to the throne.
 Never let us faint or falter,
 Never weary, never wait;
 Onward, onward, God is with us,
 Onward to the golden gate.

91 The Open Door. J. & G. p. 86

THE mistakes of my life have been many;
 But the sins of my heart have been more,
 And I scarcely can see for my weeping,
 But I 'll knock at the open door.

CHORUS.—I know I am sinful and unworthy,
 And now I feel it more and more;
 | : But Jesus invites me to come in—
 I will enter the open door. : |

2 I am lowest of those who would love him,
 I am weakest of those who would pray;
 But I come to him as he has bidden,
 And I know he 'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,
 And my sins he will wash all away;
 And the feet that now stumble and falter
 Soon may enter the gate of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
 And my spirit is weary with sin ;
 Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,
 Yet the Savior will let me in.

92

Pray for Reapers. J. & G. p. 84.

SAINTS of God! the dawn is bright'ning,
 Token of our coming Lord ;
 O'er the earth the field is whit'ning,
 Louder rings the Master's word,
 "Pray for reapers, pray for reapers,"
 In the harvest of the Lord.

2 Feebly now they toil in sadness,
 Weeping o'er the waste around ;
 Slowly gath'ring grains of gladness,
 While their earnest cries resound.
 "Pray that reapers, pray that reapers,
 In God's harvest may abound."

3 Now, O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure,
 Breathe upon thy chosen band ;
 And with pentecostal measure
 Send the reapers o'er the land,
 Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,
 Gath'ring sheaves for God's right hand.

93

Plenty to do. J. & G. p. 88.

GO work in my vineyard," there 's plenty
 to do,
 The harvest is great and the lab'lers are few."
 There 's weeding and fencing and clearing of
 roots,
 And plowing and sowing and gath'ring the
 fruits.
 There are foxes to take, there are wolves to de-
 stroy,
 All ages and ranks I can fully employ ;
 I 've sheep to be tended and lambs to be fed,
 The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led

CHORUS.

Go work, go work,

Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do,

Go work, go work,

The harvest is great, and the lab'lers are few.

2 "Go work in my vineyard," I claim thee as mine,
With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine,
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.

I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee,

The song of archangels to hang on the tree;

In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,

I paid thy full ransom, my purchase I claim.

3 "Go work in my vineyard," O, "work while
't is day."

The bright hours of sunshine are hast'ning away,

And night's gloomy shadows are gathering
fast,

Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.

Begin in the morning and toil all the day,

Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;

And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,

Who'll finish the labor I've given them to do.

94 **Go! Teach all Nations.** J. & G. p. 90.

THE voice of the master, disciples, is calling,
From yonder bright heavens 't is sounding
below;

At morning, at noon, and at night time 't is
falling,

"Go forth to the harvest, ye laborers, go!"

The fields are all white,

In Summer's soft light,

The winds blowing freshly and free;

Go forth, ye, and gather,

Ere falleth the night,

The gold of the harvest for me.

2 Where the sun of the Orient shines out in its
glory,
There millions are groping in darkness and
sin;
Go teach them of Christ, of his wonderful story,
And bid them go wash in his blood and be
clean;
 Go tell of his love,
 That sinners may prove,
That bids the oppressed one go free;
 Go, whisper of heaven,
 You mansions above,
Where his children forever shall be.

3 To all who will seek him Christ offers his pardon,
The high and the lowly, the rich and the poor;
O think of his tears in that dark, lonely garden;
O think what he suffer'd our love to secure;
 So full and so free,
 'T is flowing for thee;
O, sinners, his pleadings obey!
 Though your sins are like crimson,
 As snow they shall be,
And his angels around thee shall stay.

4 Ye nations, now sitting in sin's deathless
shadows,
 Arouse ye! arouse ye! your light having come;
O see how 't is beaming from yon fadeless
meadows,
Where the glorified rest with the angels at
home.
 Ye isles of the sea,
 Arise, and go free;
Ye ends of the earth loud proclaim
 The joy and salvation
 Through Jesus to be,
And the glory and power of his name.

95

I Need Thee Every Hour.

J. & G. p. 91.

I NEED thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No tender voice like thine
 Can peace afford.

REFRAIN.—I need thee, O! I need thee:
 Every hour I need thee;
 O bless me now, my Savior!
 I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
 Stay thou near by;
 Temptations lose their power
 When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
 In joy or pain;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour,
 Teach me thy will;
 And thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
 Most holy One,
 O make me thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son.

96

"My Ain Countrie." J. & G. p. 92

I AM far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aften
 whiles,
 For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's
 welcome smiles.
 I 'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
 The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh,
and gay :

The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made
them sae :

But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething
be to me,

When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

2 I've his gude word of promise that some glad-
some day the King

To his ain royal palace his banished hame will
bring.

Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see
‘The King in his beauty,’ an' our ain countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been
sair;

But there they 'll never vex me nor be remem-
bered mair:

His bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall
dry my een,

When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain noo be ganging unto my Savior's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom, even witless lambs
like me,

An' “carries them himsel,” to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that has promis'd, he 'll surely come
again,

He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken;

But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment, to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singin o' my hame as
I wait,

For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden
gate,

God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness, to our ain countrie.

I 'm far frae my hame an' I 'm weary aftenwhiles,
 For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Fath-
 er's welcome smiles.

I 'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see,
 The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

97

America, National Hymn.

J. & G. p. 93

MY country 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee, we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side,
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near, thine aid to lend;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names are there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
 Follow me, I 'll guide thee home.

O WHAT blessed peace is mine,
 What a happiness divine,
 While I 'm trusting in the promises of Jesus!
 I will never, never fear,
 For my Lord is ever near,
 While I 'm trusting in the promises of Jesus.

CHORUS.—Ever trusting, ever trusting,
 Ever trusting in the promises of Jesus.

2 I will follow Jesus' call:
 Sure no evil can befall,
 While I 'm trusting in the promises of Jesus!
 He will lead me by the hand,
 To yon fair and heavenly land,
 While I 'm trusting in the promises of Jesus.

3 If in grace I daily grow,
 I am safe from every foe,
 For I 'm trusting in the promises of Jesus!
 I will never, never stray
 From the narrow path away,
 Ever trusting in the promises of Jesus.

100 The March of Life. J. & G. p. 95.

IN the march of life, thro' the toil and strife
 Of the winding path before us,
 We have naught to fear with a Savior near,
 And his banner waving o'er us.
 If the tempest rise in the dark'ning skies
 We will yield to no repining;
 Though the storm roar loud through the rifted
 cloud,
 There 's a golden sunbeam shining.

CHORUS.

In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife
 Of the winding path before us,
 We have naught to fear with a Savior near
 And his banner waving o'er us.

2 In the Christian race, if we take our place,
 We may run and weary never,
 Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
 Unto Jesus looking ever.
 Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
 He will keep our feet from falling;
 We will sure obtain, nor have run in vain,
 For the prize of God's high calling.

101 I Will Trust in the Blood of the Lamb.

J. & G. p. 96.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,—
 For me the Savior died.

CHORUS.—!: I will trust, I will trust,
 I will trust in the blood of the Lamb. :|

2 My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

102 The Rock That is Higher.

J. & G. p. 97.

O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
 And rough seems the path to the goal;
 And sorrows, sometimes, how they sweep
 Like tempests down over the soul,

CHORUS.—!: O then to the Rock let me fly,
 To the Rock that is higher than I. :|

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
 And sometimes how weary my feet;
 But toiling in life's dusty way,
 The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

CHORUS.— |: Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I. :|

103

Christ Our Leader. J. & G. p. 91.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

REFRAIN—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Christ, our Leader, bids us come,
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
We are on our journey home.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord ! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

104 'Neath the Shadow of Thy Wing.

J. & G. p. 99.

WHEN earth's boist'rous storms arising,
 Would engulf my feeble bark,
 And my feet are worn and weary,
 And my soul is sad and dark;
 When around my heart perdition
 All its fiery darts doth fling,
 Then, dear Savior, hide me, hide me
 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

2 With a friend like thee, dear Savior,
 I should never feel alarm,
 For no matter what the danger,
 Thou canst keep me from all harm.
 But oft doubts and fears surround me—
 Life to all some cares will bring;
 To the end, O Savior, keep me,
 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

3 And when here my days are ended,
 When life's cares and fears are o'er,
 To that land where dwell the angels.
 Take my spirit evermore.
 Where, with heavenly joys enraptured,
 All my soul shall sweetly sing
 Praises unto thee while resting
 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

105 Still Closer to Thee. J. & G. p. 100.

O JESUS, thou Savior divine!
 This humbled heart of mine
 Intensely is yearning to be
 United still closer to thee.

REFRAIN.—Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee,
 For closer communion I pine;
 Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee,
 I long to be wholly thine.

2 My heart, how it yearns for thy grace,
 Reveal thy loving face;
 My soul from its burdens release,
 And fill me with perfect peace.

3 Now send me from heaven above
 The fullness of thy love;
 Baptize me with power divine,
 And seal me entirely thine.

106

Trust in Jesus. J. & G. p. 101.

MAY we always trust in Jesus?
 Will he never, never fail us?
 Trust him all the time?
 Trust him on the stormy waters,
 Even when our courage falters,
 And our faith grows dim?

CHORUS.—Yes, we'll ever trust in Jesus;
 Sure of this, he ne'er will leave us
 When the cloud lies low;
 In the darkness he is nearest,
 'T is the thought forever dearest
 That our hearts can know.

2 Trust him in the deepest sorrow,
 Trust him with the cares of morrow,
 At the set of sun;
 Trust him in the early dawning,
 Trust him in the glowing morning,
 For the day begun.

3 Trust him in the midday brightness,
 When our hearts are filled with lightness,
 And our cup runs o'er;
 Trust him when our tents we're leaving,
 When the billows dark are heaving,
 Till we reach the shore.

107 We shall Meet, By and By. J. & G. p. 102

WHEN we bid farewell to the last dear friend,
And our ransomed souls to the Lord ascend,
In the sun-bright clime beyond the sky,
We shall meet each other by and by.

CHORUS.—We shall meet and rest,
By and by, by and by,
In the mansions blest,
Of the sweet by and by.

2 When the saved shall stand on the golden shore,
Of the bright and beautiful evermore,
Or shall walk the sapphire streets on high,
We shall meet each other by and by.

3 When this mortal life runs its weary round,
And the earth-freed soul takes its upward bound,
In the grand celestial home on high,
We shall meet each other by and by.

108 Treasures of Heaven. J. & G. p. 103.

THERE'S a crown in heaven for the striving soul,
Which the blessed Jesus himself will place
On the head of each who shall faithful prove,
Even unto death, in the heavenly race.

CHORUS.—O may that crown in heaven be mine,
And I among the angels shine;
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,
Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul,
Though the tears may fall all the earthly night;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning light.

CHORUS.—O may that joy in heaven be mine,
And I among the angels shine; etc.

3 There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing,
Of a Savior's free and unbounded love.

CHORUS.—O may that home in heaven be mine,
And I among the angels shine; etc.

109 Ministering Spirits. J. & G. p. 104

BEAUTIFUL angels hover near,
Beautiful seraphs from yon bright sphere
Robed in the garments of purest white,
And bathed in a sea of celestial light.

REFRAIN.

Hovering o'er us, they guard us by day,
And thro' the night turn all danger away;
Beautiful angels from yon bright sphere,
Ever are lingering near.

2 Down from the throne at God's command,
Down from the ever green Eden strand,
Swiftly they speed from the scenes so bright,
To guard and protect us by day and night.

3 Heirs of salvation! loudly sing
 Anthems of praise to your Heavenly King,
Him who commandeth the angels bright,
 To guard and protect you by day and night.

110 The Love of Christ. J. & G. p. 105.

O WONDROUS love, the love of Christ
The souls sweet resting place,
The palm-tree where we find a shade,
The Rock on which our hopes are laid,—
This love is perfect peace.

REFRAIN.—Perfect peace, perfect peace,
This love is perfect peace.

2 A refuge from each raging storm,
A shelter from the heat,

A tower of strength, a quiet home,
 Where weary troubled hearts may come,—
 A sure and safe retreat.

REFRAIN.—Safe retreat, safe retreat,
 A sure and safe retreat.

3 Our every burden he will bear,
 When we, in simple faith,
 In child-like trust, cling and adore,
 And learn to love him more and more,
 Believing what he saith.

REFRAIN.—What he saith, what he saith,
 Believing what he saith.

111

Refine my Heart. J. & G. p. 106.

THE cross is all my glory,
 The precious, precious cross,
 The theme of song and story—
 All else I count but dross.

REFRAIN.—Refine my heart, dear Savior,
 Burn out the sin and dross,
 And keep me ever clinging
 Unto thy precious cross.

2 O let its wondrous power,
 My selfish will subdue;
 In this accepted hour,
 Lord, cleanse me through and through.

3 Cleanse thou my heart-affections;
 Cease thou this inward strife:
 Refine me, soul and spirit;
 Make pure my heart and life.

112

A Hundred Years Ago. J. & G. p. 106

TIN the distant past,
 When our century began,
 And our land felt a tyrant's rod,

There arose a cry
 For the sacred rights of man,
 And a loud appeal to God.

CHORUS.—Our fathers bravely fought
 'Neath the banner of the Lord,
 And they vanquished every foe,
 For the God of might,
 Aided freedom and the right,
 A hundred years ago.

2 For their lives they fought,
 For our country and for truth,
 For freedom to worship God,
 And they gained for us,
 In our nation's tired youth.
 A release from error's rod.

3 May the word of truth
 Enter every heart and home,
 And the Gospel fresh triumphs win,
 Till the whole wide world,
 In a hundred years to come,
 Be free from the yoke of sin.

113

Christmas-Tide. J. & G. p. 10

CHORUS.

“**G**LORY! glory! glory to God in the highest!
 Peace on earth, good will, good will to men.

SEMI-CHORUS.

“Glory to God,” the angels sang,
 Through the bright sky the chorus rang;
 Joyous we catch the thrilling strain,
 Echoing back the glad refrain.

SOLO.

Jesus, the wonderful Prince of peace,
 Cometh in glory to dwell on the earth;

Hasten, ye mortals, your homage to pay,
Join in the anthem of praise o'er his birth.

DUET.

Carol each heart, and carol each voice,
Carol aloud, let all rejoice;
Carol in gladness, again, again,
Carol of "peace and good-will to men."

114 Angels Will Welcome Us Home.

J. & G. p.110

HOW drear is the wilderness way,
How many the dangers we meet,
Our hopes and our pleasures decay,
And lie in the dust at our feet;
Yet one joyous promise remains,
To cheer our faint hearts in the gloom,
When ended life's sorrows and pains,
The angels will welcome us home.

REFRAIN.

Welcome us home, welcome us home,
With heavenly music as homeward we come,
The angels will welcome us home.

2 How often we 're summoned to part,
With some cherished friend that we love,
While grief sits supreme in the heart,
What peace cometh down from above.
They never will smile on us more
While thro' the bleak desert we roam;
Yet safe on the ever green shore,
The angels will welcome us home.

3 'T is only a little way o'er,
This wearisome pilgrimage ends,
There trials and labors are gone,
The sun in our heaven descends,

And sweet is the promise of rest,
 And sweet is the meeting to come,
 For soon in the realms of the blest
 The angels will welcome us home.

115 Lord and Savior, Hear Us.

J. & G. p. 111.

WHEN to thee who hast thy dwelling
 In the heaven of light excelling,
 We our youthful griefs are telling
 Lord and Savior, hear us.

- 2 When at birth of rosy morning
 Our glad songs shall greet the dawning,
 When the sun the noon's adorning,
 Lord and Savior, hear us.
- 3 Or when day's bright hours are ending,
 When the shades of night descending,
 We are at thy footstool bending,
 Lord and Savior, hear us.
- 4 For a life thy praise expressing,
 For a death thy name confessing,
 For a heaven of endless blessing,
 Lord and Savior, hear us.

116 The Ninety and Nine. J. & G. p. 112.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
 Are they not enough for thee?"
 But the Shepherd answered, "A sheep of mine
 Has wandered away from me;"
 And altho' the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed thro',
 Ere he found the sheep that was lost;
 Far out in the desert he heard its cry—
 "T was helpless and sick and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray,
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder riven,
 And up from a rocky steep
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own"

117 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

J. & G. p. 113

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,
 I'm nearer home to-day,
 Than e'er I've been before.

REFRAIN.—I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home,
 Yes, nearer to "the shining shore,"
 I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home,
 Than ever I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound where we
 Will lay our burdens down;
 Nearer to leave the cross,
 Nearer to wear the crown.

118 Hosanna to Our King. J. & G. p. 114

WHEN Jesus left the throne of God
 He chose a humble birth;
 A man of griefs—like us, he trod
 A lonely path on earth.

CHORUS.—Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our Savior King;
 Could we forget our Savior's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing.

2 Like him, may we be found below,
 In wisdom's paths of peace;
 Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around;
 For joy they plucked the palms and strewed
 Their garments on the ground.

4 O may we learn to love his name,
 That name divinely sweet;
 May every pulse through life proclaim,
 And our last breath repeat!

119 Draw Me to Thee. J. & G. p. 115

ORD, weak and impotent I stand,
 As fettered by an unseen hand;
 Break thou the strong and subtle band,
 And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.—Draw me close to thee, Savior,
 Draw me close to thee;
 Beneath thy wing do thou me hide,
 And draw me close to thee.

2 In vain I struggle to be free;
 I would, but can not, fly to thee;
 Ope' thou the prison door for me,
 And draw me close to thee.

3 O bring me nearer, nearer still,
That thine own peace my soul may fill,
And I may rest in thy sweet will;
Lord, draw me close to thee.

4 Here, Lord, I would forever bide,
And never wander from thy side;
Beneath thy wing do thou me hide,
And draw me close to thee.

120 Poor Wand'ring One, Come in.

J. & G. p. 116

O WAND'RER, come to Jesus,
For he will give thee rest;
Where canst thou find a refuge,
But on his loving breast?
The Savior knows thy weakness,
He knows thy every sin,
And now in love he calls thee,
Poor wand'ring one, come in.

REFRAIN.—Come in, come in,
Poor wand'ring one, come in.

2 Now lay thy heavy burden
In faith at Jesus' feet;
And through his precious merits
Now plead the promise sweet:
That all who come repenting,
And on his name believe,
Shall, at the door of mercy,
His welcome smile receive.

3 Thy heart is sick and weary,
It longs to be forgiven;
Come, walk as Jesus bids thee,
The way that leads to heaven.
He'll pardon thy transgressions,
And cleanse thee from thy sin;
He'll make thee his forever,
Poor wandering one, come in.

121

The Voice Within. J. & G. p. 117.

HARK! a whisper soft and low,
Like the murmur of a rill;
Sinner, come, thy time is now,
At the feet of mercy bow.

CHORUS.—Child of sorrow, child of sin,
Haste, and let thy Savior in;
He is pleading at thy heart,
Canst thou bidst him thence depart?

2 Hark! that still small voice again,
Dropping like the gentle rain,
Words of comfort in thy ear,
Words of promise ever dear.

3 See, his arm is round thee thrown,
He would seal thee now his own;
Time so precious, time so brief,
Wilt thou wait in unbelief?

4 Pleading yet—O hear him say,
Come, behold the living way;
Come, by all my love for thee,
Now be reconciled to me.

122 Why Still Unsaved To-night?

J. & G. p. 118.

THE tender voice of Jesus has often thrill'd
thy heart,
Beseeching thee in gentle tones from all thy sins
to part,—

Why do you all the callings of the blessed
Spirit slight?

O soul, for whom the Savior died, why still
unsaved to-night?

CHORUS.—Why still unsav'd to-night?
Why still unsav'd to-night?
O soul, for whom the Savior died,
Why still unsav'd to-night?

2 The Lord has lavish'd blessings profusely on thy way,
 Ten thousand are the mercies rich he sends thee day by day,—
 Why with ingratitude do you the love of God requite?
 O soul, for whom the Savior died, why still unsav'd to-night?
 Come, give thyself to Jesus, who died to ransom thee,
 Come, bring thy heart, so pressed with sin, and he will set it free!
 O do not now again the call of thy Redeemer slight,
 Perhaps thy latest call may be the call that comes to-night.

123

Room Enough. J. & G. p. 119.

HASTEN to the Gospel feast,
 From the greatest to the least;
 Every one may be a guest,
 “Yet there is room.”

CHORUS.—There's room enough for you,
 There's room enough for me;
 Yes, room enough for all,—
 Salvation's free.

- 2 Hither come, ye poor and blind,
 Here a hearty welcome find;
 Christ hath bidden all mankind,
 “Yet there is room.”
- 3 From the hedges and the street,
 Hither come with eager feet;
 Christ is waiting each to greet,
 “Yet there is room.”
- 4 Weary wand'lers cease to roam
 From your Heavenly Father's home;
 All invite you now to come,
 “Yet there is room.”

124 Say, are You Ready? J. & G. p. 120.

SHOULD the death angel knock at thy chamber,

In the still watch of to-night,

Say, will your spirit pass into torment,

Or to the land of delight?

CHORUS.—Say, are you ready? O are you ready?

If the death angel should call

Say, are you ready? O are you ready?

Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing

Into the world of despair;

Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;

Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending

Into the mansions of light;

Jesus is pleading high up in glory,

Seeking to save you to-night.

125 The Stranger at the Door. J. & G. p. 121.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

O let the dear Savior come in,

He'll cleanse the heart from sin;

O keep him no more, out at the door,

But let the dear Savior come in.

2 O lovely attitude—he stands

With melting heart and loaded hands;

O matchless kindness—and he shows

This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?

He will—the very friend you need.

The friend of sinners? Yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at *his* door rejected stand.

126

Who is Ready?

J. & G. p. 122

WAITING is the golden harvest,
Waiting is the golden grain,
While the master calls for reapers
From the hill-side and the plain.

REFRAIN.—Who is willing? who is ready?
Who will go and work to-day?
See the golden harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?

2 Truly is the harvest plenteous,
But the laborers are few.
Pray ye, that the Lord of harvest
Send forth workmen tried and true.

3 Will the Master hold us guiltless,
If the work be left undone?
If for lack of labor perish
Precious souls we might have won?

4 Haste, O hasten, willing workers,
Swiftly speed the hours away;
Hearken to the Master's warning,
"Work ye while 't is called to-day."

127

Coming to the Fountain. J. & G. p. 123

WE are coming to the fountain,
We are kneeling at its brink;
From its pure and living waters
Jesus says we too may drink.

REFRAIN.—We are coming to the fountain,
For we know there yet is room,
Room for every one that thirsteth,
And the Savior bids us come.

2 We are coming to the fountain,
Flowing fresh and clear and free;
We are coming, blessed Savior,
Bringing all we have to thee.

3 We are coming now to Jesus,
We have nowhere else to go;
And we know he will receive us,
For his Word has told us so.

128

Who will Go? J. & G. p. 123.

WHO will go and work for Jesus
In his vineyard day by day?
Who with willing hands are ready
Now to bear the sheaves away?

CHORUS.—Who is willing? who is ready?
Who will go and work to-day?
See the golden harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away.

2 He is calling now for reapers,
But the laborers are few:
Who will volunteer with Jesus,
Hand to hand this work to do?

3 See the fields already whitened,
Harvest time is almost past:
Hasten quick, and do not linger,
Come, for day is waning fast.

4 Soon night's shades will be upon us,
 Time for work will then be o'er;
 In the glorious sunshine labor,
 Till there's work to do no more.

5 He will wages fully pay you,
 You will labor not in vain,
 If you heed his voice and calling,
 To the fields of golden grain.

6 Who will now go work for Jesus
 Trying precious souls to win?
 Who will for the Lord of harvest
 Lead them from the paths of sin?

129

I've been Redeemed. J. & G. p. 124.

JESUS thy precious blood alone
 The sinner can redeem;
 For all our sin and guilt atone,
 And make entirely clean.

CHORUS.

| : I 've been redeemed, I 've been redeemed, : |
 Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 | . Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, : |
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 For all the fountain of thy blood
 Is flowing night and day,
 And they who sink beneath its flood
 Wash all their sins away.

3 Come to this crimson flowing tide,
 O weary, sin-sick soul!
 Come, have the precious blood applied,
 And it will make you whole.

4 And when we reach "the shining shore,"
 Amid the blood-washed throng,
 We'll praise the Lamb forever more,
 And this shall be our song.

130

Linger no Longer. J. & G. p. 125.

COME, needy sinners,
 Jesus is waiting,
 Waiting to give you peace within;
 Haste to the Savior,
 Trust in his mercy,
 Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.

CHORUS.—Linger no longer, come now to Jesus,
 Low at his footstool humbly bow;
 Linger no longer, come now to Jesus,
 Jesus will save you, save just now.

2 Come, come to Jesus,
 Angels are waiting,
 Waiting to bear the news above;
 Sinners are coming,
 Wand'lers returning,
 Seeking again a Father's love.

3 Come, come to Jesus,
 Dear friends are waiting,
 Waiting to greet you in their throng;
 Happy in Jesus,
 Sharing their rapture,
 Singing with them the new, new song.

4 Come, come to Jesus,
 All things are ready,
 Ready for your return to-day;
 Time fast is fleeting,
 Judgment is hast'ning,
 Come, find salvation while you may.

131

Revive Thy Work. J. & G. p. 126.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord!
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make the people hear.

REFRAIN.—Revive thy work, O Lord!
 Revive thy work, O Lord!
 The glory shall be all thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
 Disturb this sleep of death;
 Quicken the smold'ring embers now
 By thy almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
 Exalt thy precious name,
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
 And give refreshing showers;
 The glory shall be all thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

132 **Bending at the Cross.** J. & G. p. 127.

THE blood, the blood is all my plea,
 Nor should a sinner wonder,
 For guilty stain and stinging pain
 Had torn my heart asunder!

CHORUS.—But now I 'm bending at the cross,
 Washing in the crimson tide;
 And cleansed, I tarry at the fountain,
 Opened in my Savior's side.

2 My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,
 With joy celestial brimming;
 On wings of love I soar above,
 His hallelujahs hymning.

3 The blood, the blood is all my song,
 I have no bliss without it;
 From every stain it makes me clean,
 My life and lip shall shout it.

133

Jesus Alone can Save. J. & G. p. 128.

NOT any works that I may do,
 However good and pure and true,
 Can my unworthy heart renew,
 No! Jesus alone can save me.

CHORUS.—Jesus alone can save me;
 Jesus, who shed his blood for me,
 Jesus alone can save me,
 Save me from my sin.

2 My sins may pierce my anguished heart,
 Until the burning tears shall start;
 But tears can never peace impart.
 No! Jesus alone can save me.

3 'T is Christ alone who saves from sin;
 His blood alone can make me clean,
 He only can bring peace within.
 Yes! Jesus alone can save me.

134

Cling to the Mighty One.

J. & G. p. 129.

CLING to the Mighty One,
 Cling in thy grief;
 Cling to the Holy one—
 He gives relief,
 Cling to the Gracious One,
 Cling in thy pain,
 Cling to the Faithful One,
 He will sustain.

2 Cling to the Saving One,
 Cling in thy woe;
 Cling to the Loving One,
 Through all below;
 Cling to the Pard'ning One,
 He speaketh peace;
 Cling to the Healing One,
 Anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the Bleeding One,
 Cling to his side;
 Cling to the Risen One,
 In him abide;
 Cling to the Coming One,
 Hope shall arise;
 Cling to the Reigning One,
 Joy lights thine eyes.

135 **Come to the Savior** J. & G. p. 129

COME to the Savior, O do not delay,
 Hasten, O sinner, to Jesus to-day;
 Now is the season of mercy and grace,
 Follow the Master, and run in the race.

2 Laden with guilt, thy Redeemer he 'll be,
 Pardon and comfort he 'll give unto thee;
 Come unto Jesus, and lean on his breast,
 Finding in him thy salvation and rest.

3 Turn from the world with its pleasures so gay,
 Empty and vain, they will soon pass away;
 Give unto Jesus the love of thy heart,
 Choosing, like Mary, the wise, better part.

4 Bearing the cross, till thy journey is run,
 Faithful and true, till thy labor is done,
 Freed from thy toils, a bright crown thou shalt
 wear,
 Safe with the Lord, thou his glory shall share.

136 **The Blood is all My Plea.**

J. & G. p. 130.

TO Jesus' blood I owe
 My soul's supremest good;
 It brought redemption down to me,
 It led me up to God.

CHORUS.—The blood is all my plea,
 The blood is all my need,

The blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
His blood is life indeed.

- 2 I wandered far from God,
The road was rough and wild;
I call'd, and Jesus answ'ring said,
"Come unto me, my child."
- 3 I looked, and lo! I saw
The blood besprinkled door;
'T was open, and I hastened in,
To wander forth no more.
- 4 How happy now my lot,
I 've found my long-sought rest;
The blood, the blood my only plea,
Makes me serenely blest.

137 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

J. & G. p. 131.

I HEAR thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 'T is Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

3 And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of Christ the Lord;
Our strength and righteousness.

138

Pass Me Not. J. & G. p. 131.

PASS me not, O gentle Savior,
 Hear my humble cry,
 While on others thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.—Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
 While on others thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
 Would I seek thy face,
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me;
 Whom have I on earth beside thee,
 Whom in heaven but thee?

139

My All to Thee. J. & G. p. 132.

I BRING my sins to thee,
 The sins I can not count,
 That all may cleansed be,
 In thy once opened fount;
 I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
 The burden is too great for me.

- 2 My heart to thee I bring,
 The heart I can not read;
 A faithless wand'ring thing—
 An evil heart indeed;
 I bring it, Savior, now to thee,
 That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 I bring my *grief* to thee,
 The grief I can not tell,
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well;
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffering Savior, all to thee.

4 My *joys* to thee I bring,
 The joys thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

5 My *life* I bring to thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O Savior, let me be
 Thine, ever thine alone.
 My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring,
 To thee, my Savior and my King.

140

The Traveler Unknown.

J. & G. p. 132

COME, O thou traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but can not see,
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee;
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My sin and misery declare,
 Thyself hast called me by my name,
 Look on thy hands and read it there,
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold;
 Art thou the man that died for me?

The secret of thy love unfold;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

141 Alas! and did My Savior Bleed.

J. & G. p. 133

A LAS and did my Savior bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.—Jesus died for you ;
 Jesus died for me ;
 Yes, Jesus died for all mankind ;
 Bless God, salvation's free.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'T is all that I can do.

142 Whosoever Will May Come.

J. & G. p. 134.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power,
He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

CHORUS.—Whosoever, whosoever,
Whosoever will may come;
Whosoever, saith the Spirit,
With the Father and the Son,
Whosoever, sinner, hear it,
Whosoever will may come.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you, this he gives you,
'T is the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

143

Wonderful Grace. J. & G. p. 135.

TIS grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace
This great salvation brings;
The soul delivered of its load,
In sweetest rapture sings.

CHORUS.—'T is grace, 't is grace!
Wonderful, wonderful grace!
'T is grace, 't is grace!
Flowing still, freely for me.

2 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace!
 Which saves the soul from sin;
 The power of rising evil slays,
 And reigns supreme within.

3 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace!
 Its streams are full and free;
 Are flowing now for all the race;
 They even flow to me.

4 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace!
 Which bears the soul above;
 The light which gleams from Jesus' face
 Is rapture, peace and love.

144

Redeemed.

J. & G. p. 136.

O SING of Jesus, "Lamb of God,"
 Who died on Calvary,
 And for a ransom shed his blood,
 For you and even me.

REFRAIN.

I 'm redeemed, I 'm redeemed,
 Through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.
 I 'm redeemed, I 'm redeemed,
 Hallelujah unto his name.

2 O wondrous power of love divine!
 So pure, so full, so free!
 It reaches out to all mankind,
 Embraces even me.

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord
 And evermore shall be;
 He hath redeemed a world from sin,
 And ransomed even me.

145

Precious Fountain. J. & G. p. 137

THREE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lesc all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 'T is strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

146

Cleansing Wave. J. & G. p. 137.

O NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!
O, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin,
 With heart made pure and garments white,
 And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 't is heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
 My Jesus crucified.

147

Peace in Believing. J. & G. p. 137.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
 On whom my help is laid;
 Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
 And see the shadows fade.

CHORUS.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
 I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!
 O, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
 It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
 A sure and present aid;
 On thee alone my constant mind
 Be every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
 Or strong, I here disclaim;
 I wash my garments in the blood
 Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
 On thee will I depend,
 Till summoned to the marriage feast,
 When faith in sight shall end.

148

Following the Savior. J. & G. p. 138.

SAVIOR, I follow on,
 Guided by thee,
 Seeing not yet the hand
 That leadeth me:

Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill,
 Only to meet thy will
 My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
 Thirst to relieve,
 Manna from heaven falls
 Fresh every eve;
 Never a want severe
 Causeth my eye a tear,
 But thou art whisp'ring near,
 "Only believe."

3 Savior, I long to walk
 Ever with thee;
 Led by thy guiding hand
 Ever to be,
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for him who died
 Freely for me.

149

For Guidance. J. & G. p. 138.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

J. & G. p. 139.

COME, brother, Jesus saith,
 I am the way;
 Here find the heavenly path,
 I am the way;
 Earth, sin, and sorrow flee,
 Glory and gladness see,
 Let me your pattern be.
 I am the way.

2 Here rest, then, troubled heart,
 I am the truth,
 Peace let my truth impart,
 I am the truth;
 Sin's heavy debt is paid,
 No more shall doubt invade,
 Bright hopes shall never fade,
 I am the truth.

? Fear not the gloomy vale,
 I am the life;
 My word can never fail,
 I am the life;
 And though the night come on,
 Soon shall the shades be gone,
 Soon will the morning dawn,
 I am the life.

151

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

J. & G. p. 134

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer, to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

152

Invocation.

J. & G. p. 13.

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father all glorious,

O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

153

Memorials of Grace. J. & G. p. 140

THUS far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my days.
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

154

Opening Hymn. J. & G. p. 140.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read and sing and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
 For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
 May we above to glory soar,
 And praise thee in more lofty strains,
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

155 Glorious and Spotless. J. & G. p. 140.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great Builder of thy Church below,
 If now thy Spirit move my breast,
 Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word,
 And thee their utmost Savior own—
 Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

156 The Ever-living Jesus. J. & G. p. 140

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead!
 He lives, my everlasting head?

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
 He lives, to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives—all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Savior, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

157

Type of Eternal Rest. J. & G. p. 140.

THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

158

Asleep in Jesus. J. & G. p. 140.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep.
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
 Which manifests the Savior's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

159

Plenitude of Grace. J. & G. p. 141

OSPIRIT of the living God,
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify
 Till every kindred call him Lord.

160 By Grace Through Faith.

J. & G. p. 141.

WE have no outward righteousness,
 No merits or good works to plead;
 We only can be saved by grace,
 Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
 A faith thou must thyself impart;
 A faith that would by works be shown,
 A faith that purifies the heart.

3 This is the faith we humbly seek,
 The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
 The faith which doth for sinners speak,
 O let it speak us up to God!

161

Entirely Thine. J. & G. p. 141.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine,
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
 Be thine through all eternity.
 The vow is past beyond repeal;
 And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God—
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all.

162

The Savior's Kingdom. J. & G. p. 140

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word,
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his Name.

163 He Hath Done all Things Well.

J. & G. p. 141.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all his saints I'll join to tell
 That Jesus hath done all things well.

- 2 Wisdom and power and love divine,
 In all his works unrivaled shine,
 And force the wondering world to tell
 That he alone did all things well.
- 3 And when I stand before his throne,
 And all his ways are fully known,
 This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
 That Jesus hath done all things well.

164 No Success Without God's Blessing.

J. & G. p. 141

EXCEPT the Lord our labor bless,
 In vain shall we desire success;
 Except his guardian power restrain,
 The watchman waketh, but in vain.

2 'T is useless toil our stores to keep—
 Early to rise and late to sleep—
 Unless the Lord who reigns on high,
 His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
 For guidance and for help to thee;
 Thy blessing ask whate'er we do,
 And in thy strength our work pursue.

165

Worthy of all Praise.

J. & G. p. 142.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,—
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'T is music in the sinner's ears,
 'T is life and health and peace.

166

Crown Him Lord of All.

J. & G. p. 142

A LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 We 'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

167.

Cross and Crown.

J. & G. p. 142

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there 's a cross for every one,
 And there 's a cross for me.

2 This consecrated cross I 'll bear,
 Till death shall make me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there 's a crown for me.

3 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
 O resurrection day !
 Ye angels from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

138

The Word of God.

J. & G. p. 142

FAITHER of mercies, in thy Word
 What endless glory shines !
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see ,
 And still increasing light.

169 Our Refuge and Strength. J. & G. p. 142.

GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast,
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be! yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake,

3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God,
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.

170 Come, Holy Spirit. J. & G. p. 143.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

171 A Closer Walk. J. & G. p. 143

OFor a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

172

Morning Prayer. J. & G. p. 143.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness:
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

173

Confession of Christ. J. & G. p. 143.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his Word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

3 Then he will own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

174

Gratitude for Mercies. J. & G. p. 143.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

175

The Joyful Sound. J. & G. p. 143.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious world around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

176

Blessedness of Adoption. J. & G. p. 144.

HOW happy every child of grace,
 That knows his sins forgiven!
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven;

• A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, O, by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saint's delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day;
 We feel the resurrection near—
 Our life in Christ concealed—
 And, with his glorious presence here,
 Our earthen vessels filled.

77

The Sacred Day. J. & G. p. 144

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
 Which God has called his own;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at his throne,
 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
 Within thy Church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

2 Let peace within her walls be found,
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread with holy zeal around
 Her clear and shining light.
 Great God! we hail the sacred day,
 Which thou hast called thine own;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at thy throne.

178

King of Kings. J. & G. p. 144

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
 Assert thy rightful sway;
 Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
 And distant lands obey.
 Send forth thy Word, and let it fly
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every soul beneath the sun
 Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 O may the great Redeemer's name
 Through every clime be known,

And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

179

Joy to the World. J. & G. p. 144

Joy to the world, the Lord has come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

180

The Race for Glory. J. & G. p. 144.

Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

181

Early Piety. J. & G. p. 145.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod—
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

3 O thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

182

God's Word a Guide. J. & G. p. 145.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
 And guide their lives from sin?
 Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day,
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

183

Return, O Wanderer. J. & G. p. 145.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek thy Father's face;
 Those new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 He hears thy humble sigh,
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Savior bids thee live;
 Come to his cross, and grateful learn
 How freely he 'll forgive.

184

The Dear Savior. J. & G. p. 145

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

3 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

185

From the Pit and Clay. J. & G. p. 145.

IWAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2. He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

186

The Blessed People. J. & G. p. 145.

OGREATLY bless'd the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

2 They in thy name shall all the day
 Rejoice exceedingly,
 And in thy righteousness shall they
 Exalted be on high.

3 Because the glory of their strength
 Doth only stand in thee,
 And in thy favor shall our horn
 And power exalted be.

187

Ever Sowing.

J. & G. p. 146.

SOw in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the perfect germ alive,
 When and wherever strewn.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garners in the sky.

188

Love for the Church. J. & G. p. 146.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode—
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend,
 To her my cares and toils be given
 Till toils and cares shall end

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

189

The Warfare. J. & G. p. 146

MY soul be on thy guard,
 Ten thousands foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray!
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 The work of faith will not be done
 Till thou obtain the crown.

190

The Throne of Grace. J. & G. p. 146.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
 Thy presence and thy love—
 That we may serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith—
 Conform our wills to thine;
 Let us victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

191

Source of Help. J. & G. p. 146.

TO thee I lift my soul;
 O Lord, I trust in thee!
 My God, let me not be ashamed,
 Nor foes triumph o'er me.

2 Let none that wait on thee
 Be put to shame at all;
 But those that without cause transgress,
 Let shame upon them fall.

3 Show me thy ways, O Lord!
 Thy paths, O teach thou me!
 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
 Therein my teacher be.

192

Revival.

J. & G. p. 147

O LORD, thy work revive
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few,
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their covenant again renew,
 And walk in filial fear.

3 Now lend thy gracious ear;
 Now listen to our cry;
 O come, and bring salvation near;
 Our souls on thee rely.

193

A Charge in Keeping. J. & G. p. 14

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray
 I shall forever die.

194

Be Undismayed. J. & G. p. 147.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Go Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou this time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

195

Realms of Joy. J. & G. p. 147.

FAR from the scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

CHORUS.—There 'll be no sorrow there,
 There 'll be no sorrow there;
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There 'll be no sorrow there.

2 No cloud those regions know—
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

3 O may the prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love;
 The wings of faith, and strong desire,
 Bear every thought above.

196

Glory Begun Below. J. & G. p. 147

COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While we surround his throne.

CHORUS.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free;
 Salvation's free for you and me;
 I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

197

The Charming Sound. J. & G. p. 147

GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free;
 Salvation's free for you and me;
 I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days,
 And every ransomed power shall join
 In wonder, love, and praise.

198

The only Refuge. J. & G. p. 148

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

199

The Precious Bible. J. & G. p. 148.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine!
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove:
 Mine, to show a Savior's love;
 Mine, art thou to guide my feet;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;

O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

200

For a General Blessing. J. & G. p. 148

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy Word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

201

Hasten, Sinner. J. & G. p. 145

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 E'er the morrow is begun.

202 **The Increasing Flame.** J. & G. p. 149.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires—
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss.

2 Sons of God, your Savior praise!
 He the door hath opened wide;
 He hath given the word of grace,
 Jesus' word is glorified.
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought;
 Worthy is the work of him,
 Him who spake a world from naught.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
 Lo! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above,
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the spirit of his love.

203 **Rock of Ages.** J. & G. p. 149

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow—
 Could my zeal no languor know—
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!

Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I 've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own !

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Savior, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue,
 O while thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

206

A Blessing Asked. J. & G. p. 150.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,
 While once more thy praise we sing,
 Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
 Nothing worthy can we bring ;
 Yet thy book of love hath taught us
 Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear,
 For the sake of him who bought us,
 We may call, and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given,
 Thus to lift our voice on high !
 Well assured the ear of heaven
 Hears our wants and will supply.
 Weak and sinful—O, how often
 Must we look to God alone,
 For his grace our hearts to soften
 And sustain us, as his own.

207

Persevere. J. & G. p. 150.

TOIL on, teachers ! toil on, boldly,
 Labor on, and watch and pray ;
 Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
 Heed them not, go on your way.

Jesus is a loving master,
 Cease not, then, this work to do ;
 Cleave to him still closer, faster,
 He will own and honor you.

2 Toil on, teachers! earnest, steady,
 Sowing well the seeds of truth ;
 Always willing, cheerful, ready,
 Watching, praying, for your youth.
 Patient, firm and persevering,
 Leaning on the promise sure ;
 Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
 Faithful to the end endure.

208

Her Enemies Confounded.

J. & G. p. 151.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion—
 What a favored lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heaven and earth at last remove,
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight ;
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

209

Visit thy People. J. & G. p. 151

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
 All will come to desolation,

Unless thou return again.
 Lord revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!

3 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!

210

I will Praise Thee. J. & G. p. 151.

O THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin!
 Moved by thy divine compassion,
 Who has died my heart to win,
 I will praise thee:
 Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests his pardoning favor,
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.

3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah.
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

211

Helped Hitherto. J. & G. p. 151.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount, I 'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I 'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I 'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here 's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

212

Go, tell it to Jesus. J. & G. p. 152.

GO, bury thy sorrow,
 The world hath its share;
 Go, bury it deeply:
 Go, hide it with care;
 Go, think of it calmly,
 When curtained by night;
 Go, tell it to Jesus,
 And all will be right.

2 Go, tell it to Jesus;
 He knoweth thy grief:
 Go, tell it to Jesus;
 He 'll send thee relief:
 Go, gather the sunshine
 He sheds on thy way;
 He 'll lighten thy burden;
 Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing aweary
 With heavier woe,
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go, comfort them, go!
 Go, bury thy sorrows;
 Let others be blest;
 Go, give them the sunshine;
 Tell Jesus the rest.

213

The Unforgotten. J. & G. p. 152.

SIENTLY the shades of evening
 Gather round our chapel door;
 Silently they bring before us
 Faces we shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten!
 Though the world be oft forgot;
 O the shrouded and the lonely!
 In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
 We still hoping for its end.

214

Waiting at the Cross. J. & G. p. 152

SWEET the moments rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here I 'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

215

Keep on Praying. J. & G. p. 153

LONG my spirit pined in sorrow,
 Watching, waiting all in vain;
 Waiting for a golden morrow,
 Free from worldly care and pain;
 When I heard a sweet voice saying,
 In the accents of a friend,
 Cheer up, brother; "Keep on praying,"
 Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye who sigh for holy pleasures,
 Ye who mourn your load of sin.
 "Keep on praying;" heavenly treasures
 In the end you 're sure to win.
 Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
 Lay your treasures at his feet;
 Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
 Till your joys are all complete.

216

Our Greatest Friend. J. & G. p. 153.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer. 152
 O what peace we often forfeit!
 O what needless pain we bear!
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he 'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

217

The Gate Ajar. J. & G. p. 153.

THREE is a gate that stands ajar,
 And through its portals gleaming
 A radiance from the cross afar,
 The Savior's love revealing.

REFRAIN.—O depth of mercy! can it be,
 That gate was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation—
 The rich and poor, the great and small,
 Of every tribe and nation.

3 Beyond the river's brink we 'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love him more in heaven.

218

The Millennial Dawn. J. & G. p. 154.

THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

219

Praise and Prayer. J. & G. p. 154

TO thee, O blessed Savior!
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 O tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise!
 'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet,
 To join with friends and teachers,
 Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
 Who labor for our good;
 And may the Holy Scriptures
 By us be understood.
 O may our hearts be given
 To thee, our glorious King!
 That we may meet in heaven,
 Thy praises there to sing.

220

Boldness for Christ. J. & G. p. 154

A SHAMED to be a Christian!
 Afraid the world should know
 I'm on my way to Zion,
 Where joys eternal flow!

Forbid it, O my Savior!
 That I should ever be
 Afraid to wear thy color,
 Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
 To love my God and King!
 The fire of zeal is burning,
 My soul is on the wing.
 I want a faith made perfect,
 That all the world may see,
 I stand a living witness
 Of mercy, rich and free.

Like Jesus. J. & G. p. 154.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
 So lowly and so meek;
 For no one marked an angry word,
 That ever heard him speak.
 I want to be like Jesus,
 So frequently in prayer;
 Alone upon the mountain top,
 He met his father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
 I never, never find
 That he, though persecuted, was
 To any one unkind.
 I want to be like Jesus,
 Engaged in doing good,
 So that of me it may be said,
 "She hath done what she could."

Security and Safety. J. & G. p. 154

SEE the Gospel Church secure,
 And founded on a Rock;
 All her promises are sure;
 Her bulwarks who can shock?

Count her every precious shrine;
 Tell, to after ages, tell—
 Fortified by power divine,
 The Church can never fail.

2 Zion's God is all our own,
 Who on his love rely;
 We his pard'ning love have known,
 And live to Christ, and die.
 To the New Jerusalem
 He our faithful guide shall be;
 Him we claim, and rest in him,
 Through all eternity.

223

The God of Truth and Grace.

J. & G. p. 154.

MEEET and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace:
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join:
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine.

2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turned to heaven.

224

The World's Call.

J. & G. p. 155.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation—O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'r'd heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Savior will return,
 Triumphant in the skies;
 There we'll join the heavenly train,
 Welcomed to partake the bliss;
 Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
 To realms of endless peace.

226 Accepted in the Beloved. J. & G. p. 156.

A LL praise to the Lamb! now accepted I am,
 Thro' faith in the Savior's adorable name.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, 't is done! I believe on the Son,
 I'm saved by the blood of the Crucified One.

2 In him I confide, for his blood is applied;
 For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.
 3 No doubt doth arise now to darken the skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes.
 4 In him I am blest, and I lean on his breast,
 And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

227 The Great Gift, J. & G. p. 156.

A LL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
 So plenteous in grace, and so true to his word.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, thine the glory! hallelujah, amen!
 Hallelujah, thine the glory! revive us again.

2 To us he hath given the gift from above—
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

3 Ye all may receive, on Jesus who call,
The gift of his Spirit, 't is proffer'd to all.

4 The peace and the pow'r, ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower—the Spirit of grace.

5 The Giver and gift we all may receive,
Forever and ever within us to live.

228 How Firm a Foundation. J. & G. p. 156.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

CHORUS.

O sing of his mighty love, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save.

2 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

229 I Love to Tell the Story. J. & G. p. 158.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.—I love to tell the story,
 'T will be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me,
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long!

JESUS loves me, and I know I love him,
 It was love bro't him my soul to redeem;
 Yes it was love made him die on the tree,
 O I am certain that Jesus loves me.

CHORUS.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me.

2 In this assurance I find sweetest rest
 Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
 Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

3 O if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in his beauty I see the great King,
 This shall my song in eternity be,
 O what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

231

Over There. J. & G. p. 157.

O THINK of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints! all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.—Over there, over there,
 O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I 'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.

232

By and By. J. & G. p. 157.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
 That region so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confessed,—
 But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.—In the sweet by and by
 We shall rest on that heavenly shore.

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within,—
 But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The Church of the firstborn above,—
 But what must it be to be there!

4 O Father! 'mid sorrow and woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare,
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

233

Shining Shore. J. & G. p. 157.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS —For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly homes discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord or earth to sever,
 Our King says come, and there 's our home,
 Forever, O, forever!

234

Sweet Home. J. & G. p. 157.

MY scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home:
 Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not
cease,

Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy bright image to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

235 What Shall the Harvest Be? J. & G. p. 157.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
O what shall the harvest be?

Cho.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil,
O what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
O what shall the harvest be?

236

To-day.

J. & G. p. 157.

TO-DAY the Savior calls:
Ye wand'lers, come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

237

All Paid.

J. & G. p. 158.

I HEAR the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thy all in all.

CHORUS.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise.
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

238

Trusting.

J. & G. p. 158.

I AM coming to the cross;
 I am poor and weak and blind;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at thy cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to thee,
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body, thine to be,—
 Wholly thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

239

Source of Help.

J. & G. p. 158.

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come my aid.
 My safety cometh from the Lord,
 Who heav'n and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
 He slumber that thee keeps:
 Behold, he that keeps Israel,
 He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
 On thy right-hand doth stay;
 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
 Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
 Preserve thee from all ill:
 Henceforth thy going out and in
 God keep forever will.

I gave my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransom'd be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone:
 I left, I left it all for thee:
 Hast thou left aught for me?

3 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to me?

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—thou wilt receive;
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

242

Blessed Union. J. & G. p. 158.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers:
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes:
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

243

Loving Kindness. J. & G. p. 158.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise:
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

244

Sweet Hour of Prayer. J. & G. p. 158

SWEET hour of prayer!
 Sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known;

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless,
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his Word and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

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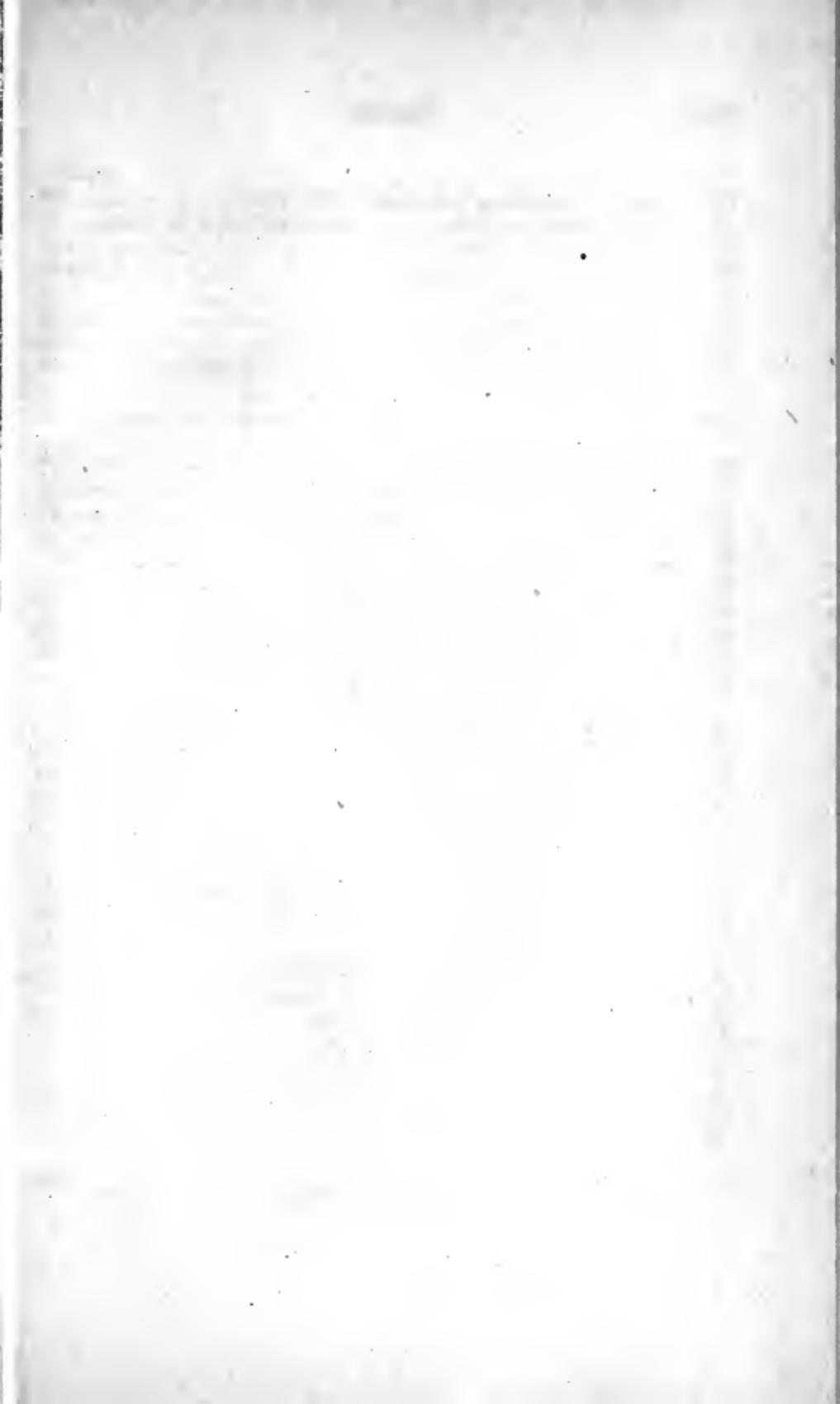
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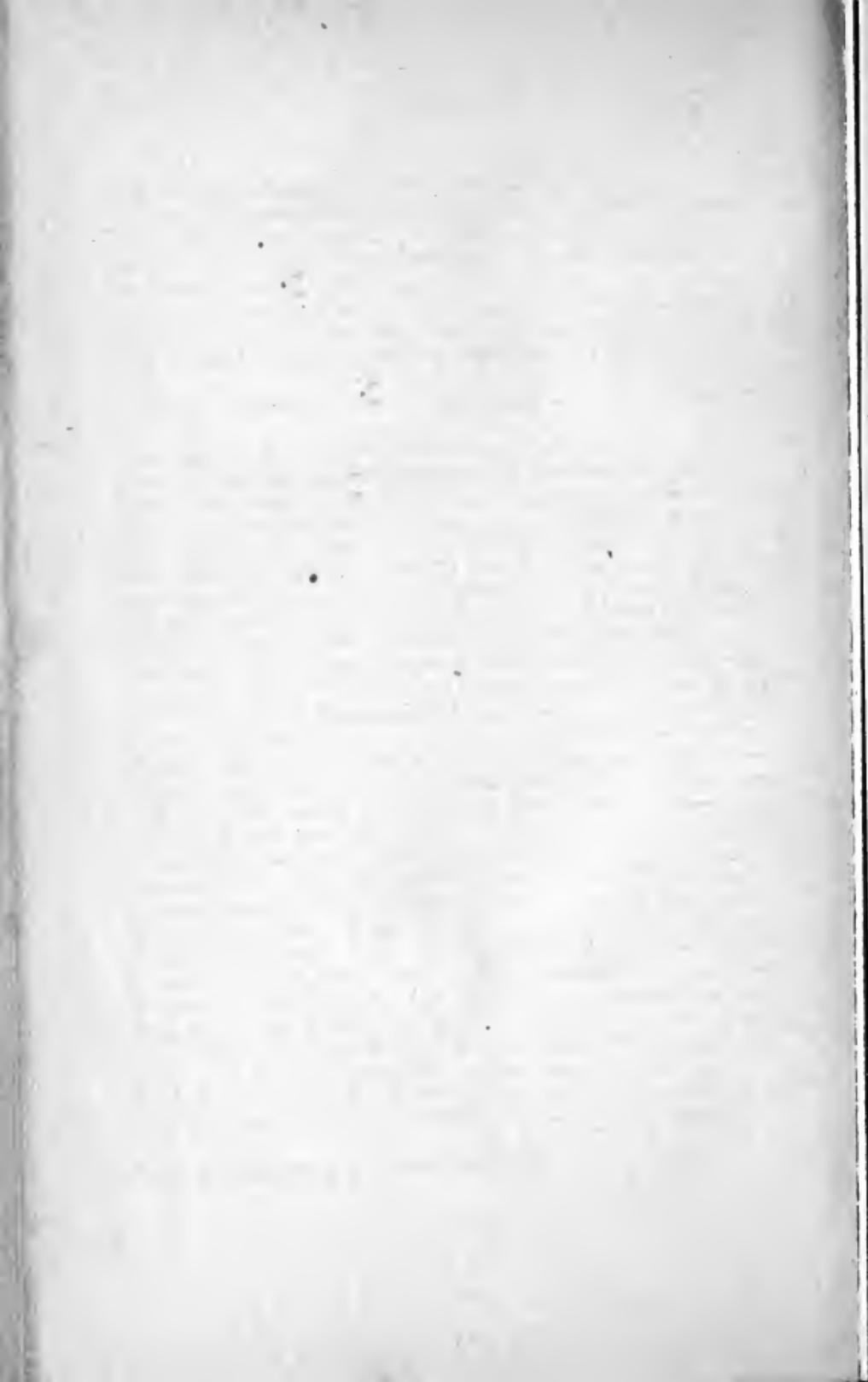
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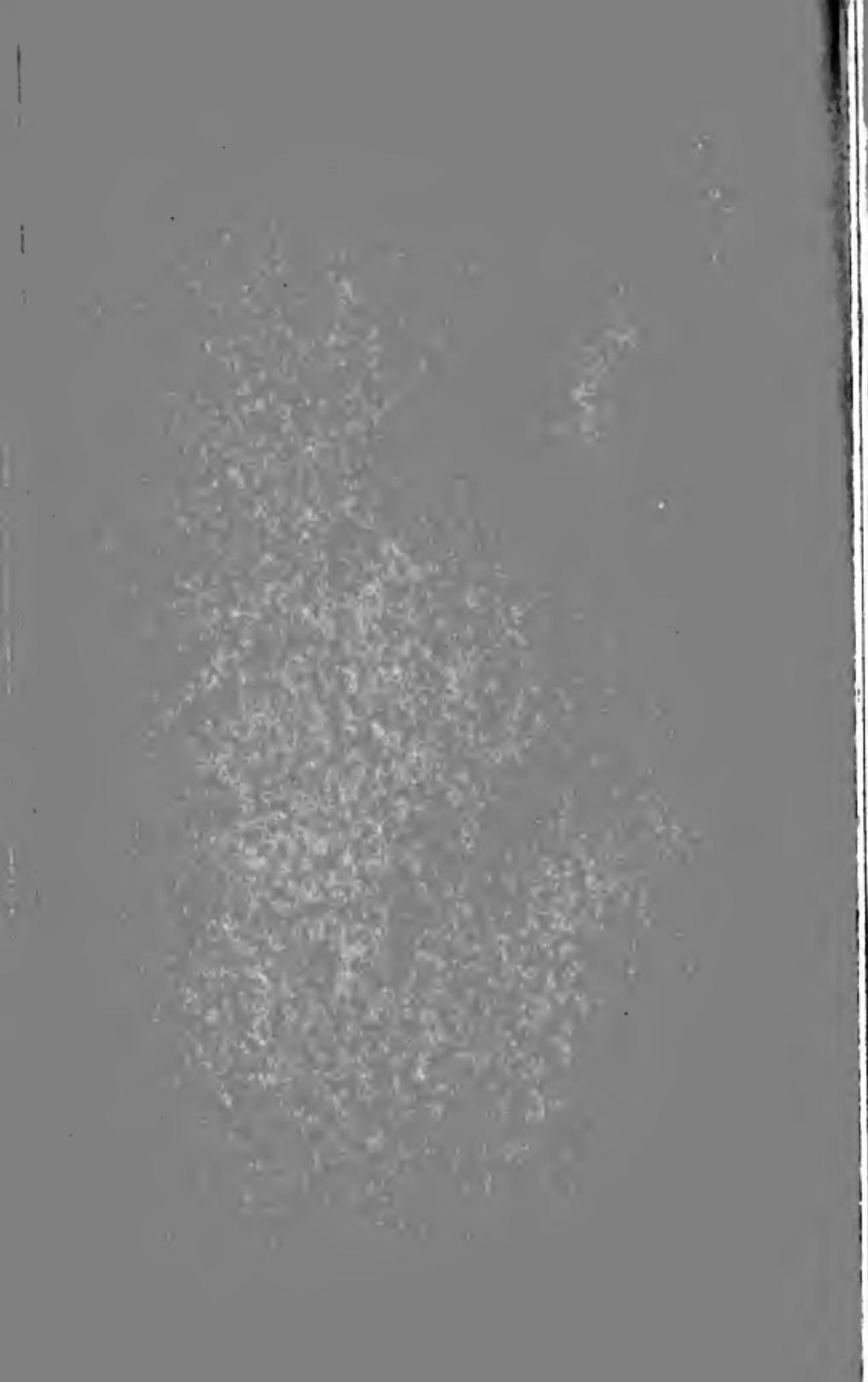
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